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COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION OF 1792

THE FIRST IN THE UNITED STATES*

ON the eve of the opening of the fifth century from Columbus's discovery of America it is proper that the New York Historical Society should call public attention to the fact that to the action in 1792 of John Pintard, the founder of historical societies, New York and the world owe the first movement in America to commemorate an anniversary of the greatest event in the history of mankind since the death of our Saviour.

In October, 1592, a century from the discovery, what is now New York was still a savage wilderness. In October, 1692, a hundred years later, New York had not recovered from the baleful effects of that rebellion and usurpation of the government by Jacob Leisler, which ended in his execution for treason in the preceding year. In October, 1792, the third centenary, was seen the first celebration in America of its discovery by Columbus.

That celebration, like the one we are about to witness in October, 1892, originated in this goodly city of New York. In a society organized here in May, 1789, through the efforts of John Pintard and some of his personal and political friends, and at his suggestion, the celebration of the third centenary of America's discovery was decided upon, and measures taken both to call to it general attention, and to carry it into effect in the city of New York.

That society was one of limited membership, which still exists in its pristine strength under its original organization, and a few years later gave its name and influence to a great political party, whose members believed in and supported its political principles, though not possessed of any control in the internal direction of the body itself—the *Tammany Society or Columbian Order*, of the city of New York—of which the first sagamore was John Pintard.

* Paper read before the New York Historical Society by Mr. Edward F. De Lancey, on the evening of October 3, 1892.

In a letter to his friend, the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, of Boston, dated "April 6th, 1791," eighteen months previous to the Columbian centenary of 1792, Mr. Pintard says: "My avocations, especially as a citizen, are numerous, and I can seldom steal a moment for private or literary correspondence. . . . My passion for American history increases, tho' I have but detached moments and scant means of gratifying it. . . . An account will be given, in some future magazine, of our Tammany Society. . . . This being a strong national society, I engrafted an antiquarian scheme of a museum upon it. . . . We have got a tolerable collection of pamphlets, mostly modern, with some histories. . . ."

In this same letter he also writes to Dr. Belknap the first suggestion of a Columbian celebration in the United States, in these words: "Our society purposes celebrating the completion of the third century of the discovery of America, on the 12th day of October, 1792, with some peculiar mark of respect to the memory of Columbus, who is our patron. We think, besides a procession and an oration—for we have annual orations—of erecting a column to his memory."

This purpose of the Tammany Society was communicated later by Dr. Belknap to members of a society which, at Pintard's suggestion, he had formed in Boston, in 1790, for the promotion of the study of American history and antiquities, and which later became the "Massachusetts Historical Society." This was the first institution of that nature in America, and in 1891 it commemorated the first centenary of an existence at once glorious to Massachusetts, to America, and to the great cause of historic truth.

Pintard's first suggestion of the society, which he termed "A Society of Antiquaries," was made to Dr. Belknap in the latter's own house in Boston, in a personal interview on the 19th of August, 1789. The idea pleased Dr. Belknap, and he mentioned it to many persons in Boston, but its germination was slow, though it was discussed in conversations. A year later, under date of 27th August, 1790, Dr. Belknap tells his friend Ebenezer Hazard, of New York, of the first step successfully taken in the matter, in these words: "When Mr. Pintard was here he strongly urged forming a society of American antiquarians. Several other gentlemen have occasionally spoken to me on the same subject. Yesterday I was in company where it was again mentioned, and it was wished that a beginning could be made. This morning I have written something, and communicated it to the gentlemen who spoke of it yesterday." This "something" was the formal "plan of an antiquarian society," afterward called the "Historical Society," and, later, the "Massachusetts Historical Society."

In October of the same year, 1790, Belknap sent to Pintard a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, which, on the eleventh of that month, drew from Pintard this interesting account of his own society in New York. "I am exceedingly indebted to you for your present of the Indian Bible, which



John Pintard.

The Founder of Historical Societies in America.

[From a rare print presented to the Editor by the late Stephen Whitney Phoenix.]

came safe to hand. I shall deposit it, with your permission, and in your name, in the American Museum, lately instituted by the St. Tammany Society in this city, for the express purpose of collecting and procuring everything relating to the natural or political history of America. A small fund is appropriated to that purpose, and should the society exist

this branch of it may lead to something useful. I have not time to explain the principles of this society, of which I am a member, further than that it is a political institution founded on a strong republican basis, whose democratic principles will serve in some measure to correct the aristocracy of our city."*

It is not intended now, intensely interesting as it is, to give an account of the origin, or rather, the *true causes* of the origin, and the formation of the *Tammany Society or Columbian Order*. That is a subject which requires more time than the hour devoted to these meetings, even to sketch in outline. It has never yet been done with the fullness, and frankness, which are demanded by its historic importance, as well as by the great results both social and political, which have flowed from it, in this city, state, and nation.

Its action, in relation to the Columbian tercentenary of 1792, is all that can, at present, be set forth. At the dinner on the second anniversary of its birth, held May 12, 1791, about five weeks after Pintard's letter to Dr. Belknap, just mentioned, in which he announced the society's decision to commemorate the third centenary of the discovery, the eighth toast drank, was, "The memory of the renowned Columbus—may our latest posterity inherit the goodly land which his intrepidity explored, and his sagacity discovered;" a sentiment than which none better can possibly be given at the banquet, or in the addresses, to which we are about to be bidden to partake, and to listen.

On the 23d of December of the same year, 1791, a formal proposal by Dr. Belknap for a celebration by the Massachusetts society was "postponed for consideration." In the following March, however, the proposal was adopted by that society, and Dr. Belknap was invited to deliver an address on October 12, 1792, at the Brattle street church, Boston. The society also, on the same day, "voted that the corresponding secretary open a correspondence with the St. Tammany Society of New York."

Dr. Belknap, who had been elected to that office, accordingly addressed a letter "to John Pintard, Esq., secretary of the Tammany Society of New York," soliciting a friendly intercourse, exchanges, etc., etc., and sent him four numbers of a publication called *The Apollo* which the Boston society had just begun to issue. Mr. Pintard replied with expressions of sympathy and offers of aid in every way.

On the appointed day the Massachusetts society went in procession, preceded by music, to the Brattle street church, and heard Dr. Belknap's address and a poem, or rather an ode, in honor of the occasion; after

* Reference to a reactionary party then existing.

which, in the language of the day, "His Excellency the Governor, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and such of the honorable council as were in town, accompanied the members [of the society] to dine with the Hon. James Sullivan, the president, at his house, where the memory of Columbus was toasted in convivial enjoyment, and the warmest wishes were expressed that the blessings now distinguishing the United States might be extended to every part of the world he has discovered."

Such was the celebration of 1792 in Boston. Dr. Belknap, however, found that his address, which was subsequently published, was not an easy one to write; for he tells his friend, Ebenezer Hazard of New York, under date of the 27th of the preceding August, "My labour for October 3d is nearly accomplished. I find myself obliged to dip deeper into antiquity than I was first aware, but I think I can vindicate Columbus against those who would rob him of his fame, not excepting Mr. Otto." *

The change of date in this letter to "23d of October" was a mistake in adapting the old style to the new. In 1792 but nine days only were required to correct the difference of the calendars, which would have made the 21st the true day; instead of which, eleven days were stricken from the old calendar, an error later corrected. These facts have been stated somewhat at length to show that the action of Massachusetts in 1792 and its celebration were really due to the primary movement of New York through its earlier organization the *Tammany Society or Columbian Order*.

What that society did, and how it carried out its own idea in its own city, will now be stated.

On October 10, 1792, each member received the following "Notice: The members of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, are hereby notified that an extra meeting will be held in the Wigwam [then in Broad street] the 12th inst., at seven o'clock, to celebrate the third century since the discovery of America by Columbus.

By order of the Grand Sachem,

BENJAMIN STRONG,

Secretary.

October 10, 1792.

The society accordingly met at the wigwam, and an address was delivered by Mr. John B. Johnston, which was followed by a dinner and the drinking of appropriate toasts. Previous to the meeting there was displayed at the wigwam an illuminated monument in honor of Columbus,

* This was Lewis William Otto, who had printed a paper in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, to prove that Martin Behaim of Nuremberg had discovered South America before Columbus embarked on his first voyage.

erected by the society. The following is an account of it, and the celebration, written at the time, which is of more interest than any briefer statement of my own.

"NEW YORK, *October 17, 1792.*

The 12th inst., being the commencement of the IV. COLUMBIAN CENTURY, was observed as a Century Festival by the Tammany Society, and celebrated in that style of sentiment which distinguishes this social and patriotic institution. In the evening a monument was erected to the memory of Columbus, ornamented by transparency with a variety of suitable devices.

This beautiful exhibition was exposed for the gratification of the public curiosity, some time previous to the meeting of the society.

An elegant oration was delivered by Mr. John B. Johnston, in which several of the principal events in the life of this remarkable man were pathetically described, and the interesting consequences, to which his great achievements had already conducted, and must still conduct the affairs of mankind, were pointed out in a manner extremely satisfactory.

During the evening's entertainment, a variety of rational amusements were enjoyed.—The following are some of the toasts which were drank :

'The memory of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this new world.'

'May the new world never experience the vices and miseries of the old ; and be a happy asylum for the oppressed of all nations and of all religions.'

'May peace and liberty ever pervade the United Columbian States.'

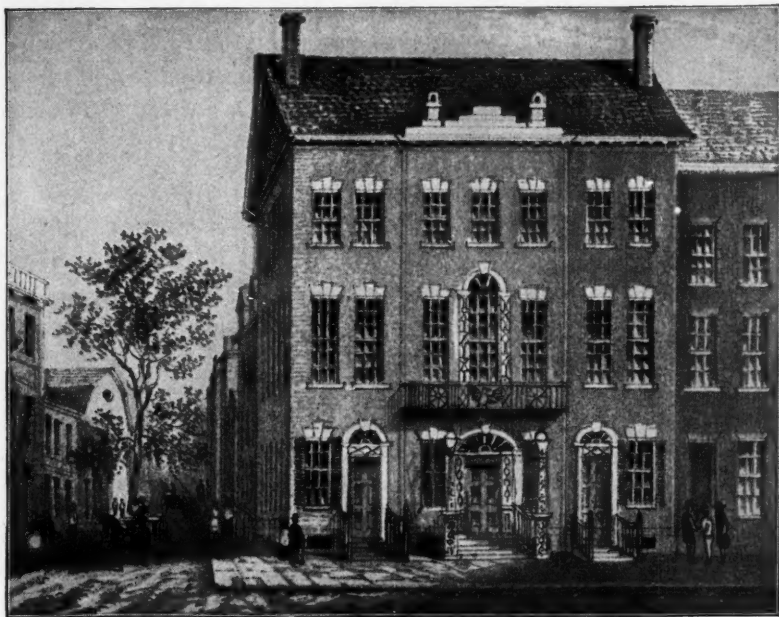
'May this be the last centenary festival of the Columbian Order that finds a slave on this globe.'

'May the fourth century be as remarkable for the improvement and knowledge of the rights of man, as the first was for discovery, and the improvement of nautic science.'

'May the deliverers of America never experience that ingratitude from their country, which Columbus experienced from his King.'

'May the genius of liberty, as she has conducted the sons of Columbia with glory to the commencement of the fourth century, guard their fame to the end of time.'

Several moral and patriotic songs, inculcating the Love of Country and of Freedom, were gratifying in the highest degree. Among others an ode was composed and sung on the occasion (some stanzas of which are here given):



TAMMANY HALL IN 1830.

THE BUILDING NOW OCCUPIED BY THE "NEW YORK SUN."

Ye sons of freedom, hail the day,
That brought a second world to view ;
To great Columbus' mem'ry pay
The praise and honor justly due.

Chorus : Let the important theme inspire
Each breast with patriotic fire.

Long did oppression o'er the world,
Her sanguine banners wide display :
Dark bigotry her thunders hurl'd,
And freedom's domes in ruin lay.
Justice and liberty had flown,
And tyrants called the world their own.

Thus heaven our race with pity viewed ;
Resolved bright freedom to restore :
And, heaven directed o'er the flood,
Columbus found her on this shore.
O'er the bless'd land with rays divine,
She shone, and shall forever shine.

Hark ! from above, the great decree
 Floats in celestial notes along,
 "Columbia ever shall be free,"
 Exulting thousands swell the song.
 Patriots revere the great decree,
 Columbia ever shall be free.

Here shall enthusiastic love,
 Which freemen to their country owe;
 Enkindled, glorious from above,
 In every patriot bosom glow,
 Inspire the heart, the arm extend,
 The rights of freedom to defend.

Secure forever, and entire,
The Rights of Man shall here remain :

Here commerce shall her sails extend,
 Science diffuse her kindest ray :
 Religion's purest flames ascend,
 And peace shall crown each happy day.
 Then while we keep this jubilee,
 While seated round this awful shrine,
 Columbus' deeds our theme shall be,
 And liberty that gift divine.'

The monument is upwards of fourteen feet in height, being well illuminated, and resembling black marble ; it blended, in an agreeable manner, a grave and solemn with a brilliant appearance. At the base a globe appears, emerging out of the clouds and chaos, presenting a rude sketch of the once uncultivated coast of America. On its pyramidal part, History is seen drawing up the curtain of oblivion, which discovers the four following representations :

First, and on the right side of the obelisk, is presented a commercial port, and an expanding ocean ; here Columbus, while musing over the insignia of geometry and navigation, the favorite studies of his youth, is instructed by Science to cross the great Atlantic. She appears in luminous clouds, hovering over its skirts ; with one hand she presents Columbus with a compass, and with the other, she points to the setting sun. Under her feet is seen a sphere, the eastern half of which is made to represent the then known terraqueous globe ; the western is left a blank. On the pedestal is the following inscription :

THIS MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED BY THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY, OR, COLUMBIAN ORDER
OCTOBER 12, MDCC, XCII,
TO COMMEMORATE
THE IVTH COLUMBIAN CENTURY:
AN INTERESTING AND ILLUSTRIOUS
ÆRA.

On the upper part of the obelisk is seen the arms of Genoa, supported by the beak of a prone eagle. The second side, or front, of the monument shows the first landing of Columbus. He is represented in a state of adoration; his followers prostrate as supplicants around him, and a group of American natives at a distance. Historical truth is attended to, and the inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
THE DISCOVERER OF A NEW WORLD,
OCTOBER 12, 1492.

Above, the arms of Europe and America are blended and supported as on the right side of the monument.

The third or left side exhibits the splendid reception of Columbus by the court of Spain, on his first return from America. He is seated at the right hand of Ferdinand, and his illustrious patroness, Isabella. A map of the newly discovered countries, and some of their peculiar productions, lying at his feet, distinguish the interesting scene. Above, the prone eagle supports the arms of Isabella, and on the pedestal is the following inscription:

COLUMBUS
WAS BORN AT GENOA,
1447.
WAS RECEIVED BY THE COURT OF SPAIN
IN TRIUMPH,
1493;
WAS PUT IN CHAINS BY ITS ORDER,
SEPTEMBER, 1500;
DIED AT VALLADOLID
MAY 20, 1506.

The last scene, exhibited on the rear, or fourth, side of the obelisk, strongly contrasts with the one just described; Columbus is seen in his chamber pensive and neglected. The chains with which he had been cruelly loaded hang against its bare walls, on which is seen written, "The

ingratitude of Kings."

To cheer his declining moments, the *Genius of Liberty* appears before him: the glory which surrounds him seems to illuminate his solitary habitation. The emblems of despotism and superstition are crushed beneath her feet; and, to intimate the gratitude and respect of posterity, she points to a monument, sacred to his memory, reared by the Columbian Order. On



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN BROAD STREET.

THE HOME OF THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN THE TAMMANY SOCIETY'S MUSEUM.

the pedestal, Nature is seen caressing her various progeny; her tawny offspring seem to mourn over the urn of Columbus. The upper part of the obelisk is embellished as on the other sides. But the eagle, as an emblem of civil government, is seen no longer proué, or loaded with the decorations of heraldry: she soars in an open sky, grasping in her talons a ferule, inscribed,

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

This monument at the close of the celebration was placed in that museum of the Tammany Society, which Mr. Pintard "engrafted" upon it, as he mentions in the letter which has been quoted. This "museum" occupied the large room in the "Exchange," a building upon arches which stood on the south line of Pearl street, across, and facing up Broad street, nearly opposite the old De Lancey house at south-east corner of Pearl and Broad streets, built by Etienne De Lancey in 1701; the same building which, after it had been sold by Colonel Oliver De Lancey, the youngest son of its builder, about 1750, was finally bought by the famous mulatto, Sam Fraunces, the Delmonico of his day, for a tavern, and was the house where Washington bade farewell to his officers in 1783. It still stands,

and is now the oldest building in New York. The monument remained in the Exchange, occasionally illuminated for exhibition, till the close of 1792. Shortly after that date, the museum was given up by the Tammany Society as its own, and transferred to Gardiner Baker who had been its curator and keeper. While he was in control he added new objects of interest to the public, and advertised its attractions in the papers of the day. One of these was "A collection of wax-work figures belonging to a Mr. Bowen," and another was "The excellent American patent steam jack," which was shown in operation during the evening. Mr. Bowen withdrew his wax figures in June, 1794, and afterward exhibited them at No. 75 Broad street, the house of Mrs. McEwen. How long after the Tammany Society gave up the idea of forming a museum it continued in existence is unknown, as well as the ultimate fate of the Columbus monument.

It is a striking fact, that this Tammany monument, and another afterward projected in Baltimore, antedated by over half a century any monument to Columbus in the city of Genoa itself.

This celebration of 1792 was not the only one at which the memory of Columbus was honored by the Tammany Society. In 1811, it did so at the laying of the corner-stone of its new building, Tammany hall, at the corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets, now the property of Mr. Charles A. Dana, and the publication office of his *Sun* newspaper, in which it remained until the erection of its present "hall" in East Fourteenth street. "The procession on that occasion," as described in the papers of the day, "was very picturesque and attractive. In the centre of the ninth division, between the files of the first six tribes, Tammany and Columbus appeared in character: Columbus bearing the cross of the ancient flag of Christendom and the civilized world; and Tammany, the thirteen American stars or constellations. Smoking the calumet of peace alternately with Columbus, they were seated on an elevated car or seat, on the rear part of an extensive stage (or float), in the centre of which appeared the Genius of America supporting the great standard of the United States, attended by her attributes; the flames of liberty burning on an altar dedicated to freedom, directly in front of Tammany and Columbus, the attributes continually feeding the flames. The stage represented an open field covered with grass and shrubbery, and an oak tree in the rear under which Tammany and Columbus sat; the whole drawn by six white horses conducted by postilions. A grand band of music preceded the car, playing native airs."

But to return to the tercentenary of October, 1792. The proposed celebration of it in New York and Boston, which was noticed in news-

papers all over the country during the whole of the preceding summer, drew to it general attention; and when the day came, there were minor celebrations in many places, in Baltimore, Windsborough, South Carolina, Providence, Rhode Island, Richmond, Virginia, and numerous towns, chiefly by military parades, dinners, and toasts.

In Baltimore, on August 3, 1792, was laid the corner-stone of an obelisk in a grove in the gardens of a villa called "Belmont," the country-seat of the Chevalier de Nemours; and on the 12th of the following October, suitable inscriptions on bronze were to be affixed to the completed work. This, however, seems to have been the result of private or semi-private action, and whether it was actually erected is not known.

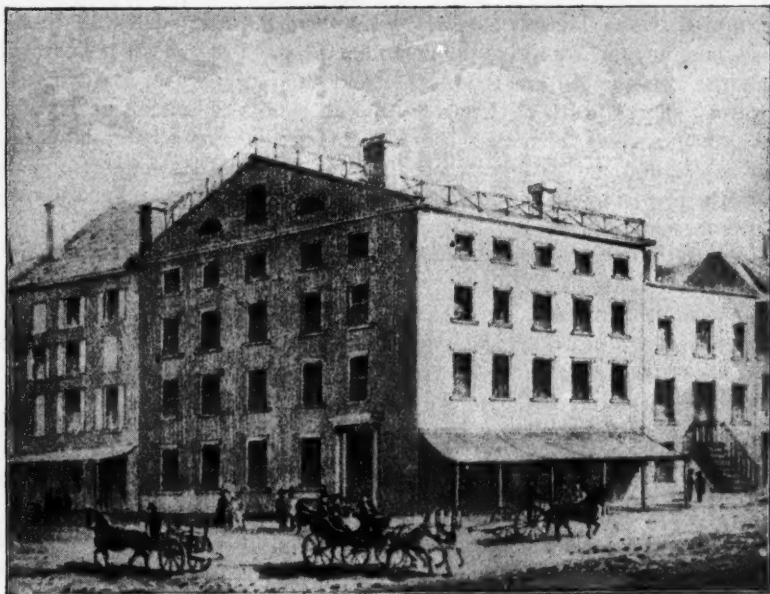
Naturally enough the approach of the end of the eighteenth century had drawn to the great discovery the attention of educated and thoughtful men. In 1786 the first edition of the poems of Philip Freneau appeared in Philadelphia, and in it are three poems referring to Columbus. The first, written in 1770, is an appeal to Ferdinand for aid; the second, *The Rising Glory of America*, written in 1771, and the third, entitled *Sketches of American History*, also refer to Columbus by name. The next year, 1787, appeared, also, in Philadelphia, *The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Philip Freneau*, a volume of poetry and prose which opens with "The Pictures of Columbus the Genoese," a series of eighteen brief poems, depicting his entire career, written in 1774. The first of these four poems, *Columbus to Ferdinand*, is very remarkable for a fine translation of those famous lines of Seneca in the *Medea*, containing his prophecy of America's discovery. Freneau, a graduate of Princeton and a fine classical scholar, thus renders it:

"The time shall come when numerous years are past,
The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,
And an extended region rise at last;
And Typhis shall disclose the mighty land,
Far, far away, where none have roved before;
Nor shall the world's remotest region be
Gibraltar's rock or Thule's savage shore."

Freneau and Pintard were warm personal and political friends, as well as members of the Tammany Society. Another Princeton graduate delivered at the commencement of 1792, on taking his degree, an oration on Columbus, which was of merit enough to be printed in a magazine of that day. This was Joseph Reed, a son of the President of Pennsylvania of the same name, and father of the late distinguished historical writer William B. Reed, and the late learned Professor Henry Reed of the University of Pennsylvania.

Another work which appeared in 1787 was *The Vision of Columbus*, by Joel Barlow, published by subscription, a pretentious poem of some merit, which the author recast and extended into a massive quarto volume in 1807, and which, being practically the whole of American history in verse, fell by its own weight, and, though having some fine passages, is now scarcely known.

In England, in 1792, two Columbian works saw the light: one by an



FRAUNCES' TAVERN, SOUTHEAST CORNER OF BROAD AND PEARL STREETS.

American, the Rev. Elhanan Winchester, the other by an English barrister of Lincoln's Inn, Thomas Morton by name.

Winchester was a New England Baptist clergyman, who became a Universalist, and finally went to England to reside. There he published, in London, an oration in honor of the discovery of Columbus. It is a résumé of Columbus's career, but is only noteworthy for a prophecy, since fulfilled, in these words:

"Behold the whole continent highly cultivated and fertilized, full of cities, towns, villages, beautiful and lovely beyond expression. I hear the praises of my Creator sung upon the banks of rivers unknown to song!

Behold the delightful prospect! See the silver and gold of America employed in the service of the Lord of the whole earth! See slavery with all its train of attendant evils abolished! See a communication opened through the whole continent, from north to south, and from east to west, through a most fruitful country! Behold the glory of God extending, and the Gospel spreading through the whole land!"

Morton's work was a drama (for he was a dramatist as well as a barrister) entitled "Columbus, or a World Discovered, an historical play as it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden." It opens with Columbus's landing and reception by an Indian king. But the story is drawn, near the beginning, from the Aztecs and their worship of the sun, and beyond a short speech or two from Columbus nothing is seen or heard of him. It possesses the material for a spectacle, however; had a moderate run in London, and later was produced in New York. The references show the preceding and contemporary interest in the discovery at the time of the tercentenary of 1792.

Another illustrative incident, but of a different kind, was the presentation to the senate of New York, through its president, Lieutenant-Governor Pierre van Cortlandt, in 1784, of an ancient portrait of Columbus of much interest. The donor was Mrs. Maria Farmer, by birth a Gouverneur, who wrote that the portrait was taken from an original painting, of 1592, which had been in her family for one hundred and fifty years. This picture, I am glad to say, unlike most early gifts, is still at Albany in possession of the state. It is a bust portrait, and represents Columbus as advanced in life. Another picture, of a little later date than 1792, was a painting by Edward Savage, the artist, whose portrait of Washington is one of the best ever painted. Savage established an exhibition of paintings in this city in 1802, at the "Pantheon," No. 30 Greenwich street, between the Battery and Morris street, which he called "The Columbian Picture Gallery." In it he showed a collection and his own painting of the "Landing of Christopher Columbus," which the catalogue, still extant, thus describes: "Columbus is the size of life, richly dressed, with a drawn sword in his hand, at the time he set his foot on the New World which he had discovered. The portrait of Columbus is copied from the original picture in the collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence." What became of this painting, or what its later history is, I do not know.

Before closing this account of the Columbian celebration of a hundred years ago, mention should be made of the evidence adduced by a former very active member and officer of this society, now no more, on the contested question of the birth-place of Columbus. Mr. John R. Bartlett,

whom the older members of the New York Historical Society will remember with great pleasure, after he removed to Providence to take charge of the great American library of John Carter Brown, gave much attention to the study of Columbian history; and he produced well-nigh conclusive evidence of the discoverer's birth-place.

Very many of my hearers may have visited Genoa, and none who have done so, can ever forget her great beauty as she sits enthroned on her amphitheatre of mountains, their bases gently washed by the azure waves



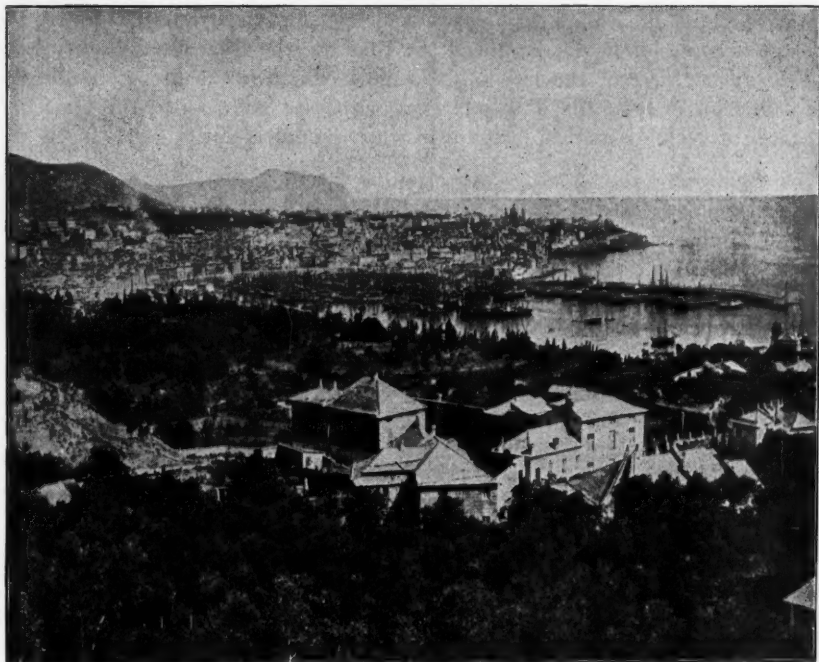
JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT.

of the Tyrrhene sea. A magnificent church, built somewhat after St. Peter's at Rome, stands out on the highest part of the promontory which forms the eastern bounds of her semicircular bay, some three hundred and seventy feet above the water. Ascend with me to the gallery surmounting its lofty dome. What a view, magnificent in its extent and splendor, meets our eyes! Far to the east, gleaming with beauty, stretches the glorious mountain coast-line of the famed Riviera di Levante—the eastern Riviera—stretching away toward Spezia and its romantic gulf, and beyond. At our feet lies the proud old Ligurian city, never more

"superb" than she is to-day, her gardens and terraces filled with orange trees, cypresses, and trellised vines, with her palaces,

"Their floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendor."

Her beautiful harbor is beneath us, filled with steamers and feluccas, the finest of all the harbors of Italy. Far to the west, bright with picturesque white villages, castles, and palaces, perched amid its purple mountains overlooking the sea, lies in beauty the magnificent Riviera di Ponente, the western Riviera. Before us is the wide blue expanse of the glorious Mediterranean, the high coast of Corsica rising above the southern horizon, and, over all, the azure sky and brilliant sun of Italy. In one of those picturesque white villages upon the sea, at the western end of the Riviera di Ponente, in the old republic of Genoa, was Columbus born, if we are to believe an ancient historian of Genoa, who there wrote and printed his work in 1551, less than half a century—forty-five years only—after Columbus died at Valladolid. This Genoese historian was Paolo Interiano, who, it is by no means impossible, may have actually seen and known the great discoverer himself. His work, entitled *A Brief History of Genoa*, one of the rarest works of its day, Mr. Bartlett obtained. It is written in Italian, and the account its author gives is thus translated by Mr. Bartlett: "The happiness of the city was disturbed, in 1491, by a terrible pestilence which spared hardly a fifth of the population, by the freezing of the harbor about the wharves and bridges, and also because the republic had fallen into some disputes with Ferdinand, King of Castile, and the Queen Isabella. Francesco Marchesio and Giovanni Antonio Grimaldi were sent as envoys to adjust them. On their return they established the certainty of the glorious discovery of the new land west of that kingdom, made by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, whose name posterity will hold in eternal veneration. This man (for I do not think the matter should be overlooked), born of most obscure parentage, in a town distant twenty miles from our city, on the Riviera di Ponente, called Cogerio, adopted a sailor's life, rose to be a guide or pilot of vessels that traverse the ocean, and with the dexterity of unaided genius (although of little learning), and experience in taking the sun and the pole, acquired by him in those navigations, he came to have so much confidence in himself that he exposed himself to an enterprise which few others attempted till now. Not being able to believe that by sailing from the straits of Gibraltar he should fail to make new land, he applied to the Catholic sovereigns of Spain, and having, after many delays, received from them three



VIEW OF THE CITY OF GENOA, LOOKING EAST.

caravels and one hundred and twenty men, he took his way toward the Fortunate Islands [the Canaries] and, sailing thence, in the space of thirty-two days from the time of his departure, and after many debates and contests with his men, who wished to turn back, he discovered those islands which gave him indication of Hispaniola, and that with so much glory to the moderns, for the size of the land which has thus been conquered and brought to the faith of Christ, that he may be said to have given life to another world."

This statement and testimony Mr. Bartlett brought to the knowledge of American scholars. But, singularly enough, it does not seem to have been considered by our numerous writers of these latest Columbian days.

A great pageant, both military and naval, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the great discovery of Columbus, will, in a few days, pass before the eyes of many hundreds of thousands of people. From all quarters will these hundreds of thousands be gathered together in this city and on the

waters of its unrivalled bay. And while gazing upon its splendor and magnificence, let it not be forgotten that to the *Tammany Society or Columbian Order* of the city of New York was due the first Columbian celebration in 1792, the only one ever witnessed till now in the United States of North America. Honor to whom honor is due.

Edward T. de Lancey

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENTS

"Christmas is the only holiday in the year that brings the whole human family into common communion; the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely."—*Dickens*.

"Amid the echoes of that song which proclaimed peace on earth and good will to men, rises up a dormant sense of universal brotherhood in the heart. At no other season of the year is the predominant spirit of selfishness so effectually rebuked;—and never are the circles of love so largely widened."—*Hervey*.

"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, . . . the genial flame of charity in the heart."—*Washington Irving*.

"Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands—
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands:
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn.
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born."—*Whittier*.

THE HOLLY SONG

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho!
Unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho!
Unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly.

—*Shakespeare*.

AN INCIDENT IN GENERAL JACKSON'S CAREER

In 1824 there was a social gathering in Paris of many distinguished Englishmen, among whom was an American, then representing his country abroad, who had served on the staff of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and another American who related the following incident. The conversation turned on the pending Presidential election, and fears were expressed that, should General Jackson be elected, the amicable relations between the two countries might be endangered in consequence of his implacable hostility to England and his high-handed exercise of power as evinced during his command at New Orleans. The necessity on the part of the American diplomatist of replying to these observations was anticipated by the prompt and generous outbreak of one of the Englishmen—Colonel Thornton of the eighty-fifth regiment—an officer well known for his frank and gallant character, and whose regiment suffered severely in the attack on the 8th of January, 1815. It was probably the same Colonel Thornton mentioned as having been seriously wounded in the battle of Bladensburg, and who was with Commodore Barney in the hospital at Bladensburg, where both recovered from their wounds.* He testified in the handsomest terms to the conduct of General Jackson as an able and faithful commander on that occasion, and declared that, had Jackson not used the power confided to him in the "high-handed" way alluded to, New Orleans would inevitably have been captured. As to the charge of "implacable hostility," Colonel Thornton declared that, in all the intercourse, by flag and otherwise, between the hostile commanders, General Jackson was peculiarly courteous and humane, and, to support this assertion, begged leave to mention one circumstance. He said that on the day after the battle the British were permitted to bury such of their dead as were lying beyond a certain line, one or two hundred yards in advance of General Jackson's intrenchments—all within that line were buried by the Americans themselves. As soon as the melancholy duty was performed, the British general was surprised at receiving a flag, with the swords, epaulets and watches of

* "The Battle of Bladensburg and Burning of Washington in 1814." By Hon. Horatio King. *Magazine of American History* for November, 1885 [xiv. 438-457]. An account of the scene in Paris, when Colonel Thornton related the incident concerning General Jackson after the battle of New Orleans, may be found in the volume of the *Jeffersonian* for the year 1833, a newspaper published in Portland, Maine.

the officers who had fallen, and a note from General Jackson, couched in the most courteous language, saying that one pair of epaulets was still missing, but that a diligent search was being made, and, when found, it should be sent in. These articles—always considered fair objects of war plunder—were rescued by General Jackson, and thus handed over with a request that they might be transmitted to the relatives of the gallant officers to whom they had belonged.

This incident, and the frank and soldierly style in which it was told, turned the whole current of feeling in favor of the general and drew forth an enthusiastic expression of applause. The Americans were thrilled with pride, and in their hearts thanked the old general for proving by his chivalrous conduct that the defenders of America were above the sordid feelings of mercenary warfare.

This noble act of "Old Hickory," though not so broad in its beneficence as the generous consideration of General Grant at the Appomattox, was, if possible, more touchingly inspiring and eloquent. Either could have been performed only by brave and true soldiers.

Horatio King

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STORY OF CASTINE, MAINE

The honor of being the first European to set foot on Castine's rocky heights is accorded to the great Champlain himself, about 1604. It appears probable, however, that a French settlement, either for fishing or for trading purposes, existed prior to Champlain's advent; its members leading the usual life of privation and activity proper to such an existence. The district was at this time included in the tract known on early charts as "Pentagöet." Its Indian inhabitants were the stalwart tribe of Echemins, or Tarratines. Succeeding to Champlain's visit—whatever that amounted to—in the year 1605 James Rozier explored the Penobscot river and bay, and his name is perpetuated in the beautiful headland known on our coast-survey charts as Cape Rozier. In 1614 Captain John Smith appeared in the neighborhood, and he makes a reference to finding French traders installed in it.

In that eager and jealous search for every item of whatever includes history, into which our American communities have entered of late years, it has often appeared that the rewards must be unjustly distributed. It hardly can be said that in comparison with scores upon scores of European localities any single town or neighborhood in the United States is lucky enough to possess too much local history. But if the absolute barrenness as to its historic past, of this or that spot in various parts of our country, be taken into account, and if we allow our remembrances to run over the names of the populous towns and imposing cities, the foundations of which have not yet grown green through more than the time of two generations, one well can wish that there existed, even latent in them, a little of that dignity of age which belongs to many of New England's mere villages. Had they only even a modest part of that honor that appertains not merely to a trade-centre and an aggregate of millionaires, but to places that have nurtured patriots who knit their brows in anxiety over the Declaration of Independence, who fought at Lexington, and camped in the snows of Valley Forge, and whose graves in our churchyards may be unsung, but are never in any danger of being unhonored! History in the instance of a town corresponds with established character in the individual. Quite as a pictured landscape often is doubly attractive if emphasized in details by a sombre background, so does either a hamlet or a metropolis please better the thoughtful mind if its individuality comes forth from a shadowy past of stress and storm and patriotic activity.

In what is here written of Castine—externally nothing more than a quaint and beautiful village on the Maine coast with a great, green, British-built fort still overlooking it—nothing new or notably original is practicable. To three or four industrious workers in the little field invaded, every new friend of the place must pay tribute.* But it is a new story to many, told so far south of the Penobscot; and one that includes almost an undue share of our national patriotic coloring, in proportion to the town's size and present importance in New England. Castine is able to spare several hundredweight of historic dignity to Cincinnati or Chicago, or to many of our smart Middle States towns. As one speaks of the place, with its soft French name, the mind of the poetry reader reverts to Mr. Longfellow's verse, or to that of Mr. Whittier, and the Baron de St. Castine starts up from the gloom, like some mediæval myth. The form of the hollow-eyed French Jesuit, in his black robe, succeeds, eager to baptize a convert from the dirty Tarratines, or to be burned, a martyr at the stake, in one of their war-dances. The figure of Champlain is beheld, gravely surveying the township's forest heights for the first time. Sir John Moore rises up, a young and enthusiastic soldier, without a presage of the silent drum and voiceless burial that is his in the schoolboy's ballad. The Dutchman is seen walking about the town in his short breeches and ownership. We hear the revolutionary skirmishes with the British, and watch one fort after another erected in Castine's limits. We see one squadron of ships after another, American or British, in the lovely harbor, manœuvring and spouting fire. We have the worthy General Wadsworth scouting the invaders, and being routed by them, and finally making an escape from an imprisonment in the village, worthy of a romance. We have the revolutionary activity of the place subsiding as the young nation's liberty was achieved. And—lastly—to-day the eye of the visitor rests not on shapes from the land of shadows, the past, but on hay-fields and peaceful farms; and it is difficult, save for the green glacis of the forts, to believe that war ever rolled its thunders into so lovely a spot for peace to enjoy and to adorn.

In the year 1626 something approaching a permanent colony was founded in Castine's forests. Isaac Allerton, a member of the Plymouth society, erected a block-house, and conducted, with his companions, a successful trade in furs with the natives. This offshoot of the Plymouth colony continued to abide in Castine—it must be remembered that it was not yet called by that name, but merely "Pentagöet"—until 1635, nine

* Especial acknowledgments are due to Dr. George A. Wheeler of Castine, whose admirable local chronicle is a model of its sort of record.



STREET SCENE IN CASTINE, 1892.

years, when the French, who had pillaged the block-house once already, long having been aware of the advantages of the place, sent a small force from Acadia under one de Charnissy, an officer of that military post. De Charnissy drove southward the Plymouth colony emigrants. He occupied whatever buildings they had possessed. From this date, 1635, until 1654, nineteen years, Pentagöet was a French post. In the year last named, the English protectorate sent a handful of troops at Cromwell's own suggestion, and recovered the place. So it became again English. In 1667 it was ceded to the French, and formally occupied by them under the Chevalier de Grandfontaine in 1670. This last French official considerably developed the little settlement, and proceeded with the aid of his lieutenant, a certain de Marson, to put Pentagöet into a fortified condition. Of course, this could not be elaborate; but the value of the topographical situation of the colony was more and more recognized.

It was not, however, until 1667, that this little Maine hermitage was known as Castine, which name it has borne ever since the coming to it of the locally and otherwise celebrated Jean Vincent de St. Castin, a disaffected, adventurous nobleman, originally from Oleron, a town in the Pyrenees. About this time dismissed rather cavalierly from the Quebec garrison by its French commandant, as a superfluous officer, St. Castin was so embittered by the affair that he decided to turn his back on his own people, to make the Indian his brother, and to abjure civilization even more than its modest degree across the Canadian frontier. It is this man—not by any means a hero, not at all a saint, and, I fear, scarcely more than by courtesy a Christian, but a resolute, arbitrary, quick-tempered character, and with a very fair share of manly goodness in his blunt disposition—that the name of the village perpetuates to-day, Jean Vincent de St. Castin; the same adventurer that Mr. Longfellow's charming verses depict, and that Mr. Whittier's dramatic lines have portrayed, not to speak of other *belles lettres* references to him in prose and poetry.

As to St. Castin, or Castine, himself, I am not going to be an apologist for him—in fact, it is not a very clear task; but there are these things to be said of him: that he bought his land from the Indian king in power over the region at the time; that he lived in faithfulness to all his contracts with the natives, and among them as their friend, without anything but their highest esteem and even veneration; and that whether he had been aforesaid a dissipated French wanderer, loose of tongue and morals and sword in the army of his own countrymen, St. Castin ripened now into a sort of friendly demi-god among the Tarratines before he and they parted company in 1701, through his ultimate return to France, a rich man, advanced in life. Long after the Indian parents who had known St. Castin were dead, their children in the wigwams spoke his name with affection and with honor; and there was no rupture between him and his red protégés. Mr. Longfellow alluded to him as

"Abroad in the world, alone and free;
 . . . hunting the deer through forests vast
 In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;"

and of the night in old Oleron, when one could see that

. . . "The front of the old chateau
 Is a blaze of light above and below:
 There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,
 A cracking of whips and a scamper of feet;
 Bells are ringing and horns are blown,
 And the Baron hath come again to his own."

And Mr. Whittier's picturesque passage in *Mogg Megone* gives us more correctly a view of

. . . "One whose bearded cheek
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France. . . ."

As may be supposed, Baron de St. Castin very materially added to the fortification of Castine. Down on the street that runs to-day along the harbor's azure waters, you will find the site of the strong little fort he erected, with its chapel, well, orchard, and stanch block-house. Some years ago a considerable portion of its stone-works was uncovered, along with various relics of the baron's residence; and these are now in care of the Maine Historical Society and of some private individuals, but its site is distinctly marked, and the visitor can trace the outlines at his will to-day.

Abominated by the English as a distinctly inimical influence in politics and in religion, and looked at askance by his own people in Castine and Canada, the bluff French nobleman further strengthened his relationship to the Tarratines with an act that is, perhaps, the most romantic, and certainly the best-known, of any of St. Castin's doings. His marriage (first without legal formalities, but later, at home, in due form) with the daughter of the Tarratine chief Madockawando is one of those unions which, like that of Pocahontas with Mr. William Rolfe, has always interested the social historian. And it was, apparently, a perfectly happy experiment. The young Indian girl is said to have been of great loveliness of person and nature—allow, as we must, for romance's glamour—and certainly lived happily with her husband, a record not possessed by many more recent and fashionable French and American alliances. Her return with her husband to France completes a pleasing picture in the imagination, of her being transformed into a provincial *chatelaine*, and courtesying in a contra-dance, instead of cutting off the noses of French prisoners at a war-dance. One regrets to add that there *is* a record that St. Castin took to himself four other dusky, or, rather, copper-hued, partners, however much special affection he undeniably felt for this one; but we must make allowances for the notions of his day on such over-appreciation of the fair sex, and it is certain that they were all left behind as superfluities in Castine, when he sailed back to France and Oleron. Possibly this much marrying of his is but a slander, or a sort of quadruplication of excellence and beauty, by time's slow course; and it is, indeed, to be doubted if any husband would rashly espouse four wives, any single one being able to scalp him with neatness and despatch, at an instant's provocation, if he refused them new beads, feathers, hatchets, and the like, all around (in

lieu of new bonnets), or would not permit them to run the longest possible bills at a seventeenth century Castine store.

I have dwelt thus, at some length, on the Baron de St. Castin, because he is to-day its figure-head, in preference even to De Grandfontaine, the actual governor, romantically and practically. I pass rapidly now over the town between his date and the revolutionary outburst. The little town began to thrive, but it was handed back and forth, from one nation to another, like a plate of refreshments at a drawing-room rout. In 1674 a Flemish pirate, *The Flying Horse*, sailed up to it, from Curaçao, completely surprised the French habitants, and held the village to a heavy ransom. In 1671 the Dutch sent a very good-sized man-of-war and captured Castine out of hand. So it became a Dutch port until the French and their Indian aids expelled the invaders. In the year 1688 (it is to be remembered that St. Castin and his people were still living in the place—with or without those three extra wives—along with several missionary priests), after a previous notification, Sir Edmund Andros, the New England governor, suddenly arrived at Castine in a frigate, *The Rose*, and, though the guest of the baron, demanded the surrender of the place to the British. Some of us will remember the old story of the darkey to whom somebody propounded the question: "Pompey, if in the day of judgment the devil stands at one end of the road to catch you, and Gabriel, with his sword of fire, stands at the other, what will you do?" Pompey replies: "In dem cases, massa, dis yer' chile doan' do neider—he takes to de woods." The baron took to the woods with all his family, and left the place to Andros, who sailed away from it in a few days. The colony of Massachusetts denied all participation in this affair, and even offered a reparation. St. Castin, however, said that the English annexation of the settlement was not to be postponed. It was formally ceded to the English. A year later the matter was confirmed, and Governor William Phipps of Nova Scotia established its ownership to his queen. As has been said, St. Castin returned to France in 1701, his voluntary exile over, a rather elderly prodigal son. He had several direct descendants.

There is a considerable hiatus in any eventful history of the town between the year 1704 and the beginning of the Revolution. The period intervening included Queen Anne's war. The colony apparently fell off as to its numbers, particularly in its French element. After 1667 we find references to new settlers—Averill, Perkins, McCullam, and others. They increased gradually, and General Gage in 1775 found it convenient to destroy the block-house on the settlement's western side, lest disaffected

colonial inhabitants should make it useful against British misrule. And it is quite certain that, however limited the colonial population, patriotism was latent in it very early.

The war of liberty was declared. Although far from the hot centre, Castine was not to be separated from its stir. The geographical location forbade. In 1779, with the battles in progress, there came a fleet under General Francis McLean and a force of seven hundred British soldiery, and a strong fort was thrown up—the remarkably well-preserved and dignified old earth-structure visible to-day for miles about the town, and the pride of the place in its verdant decadence. Colonial attention was at once directed to this act. In June of the same year an American fleet of nineteen fully-armed vessels, the *Black Prince*, the *Warren*, the *Defiance*, the *General Putnam*, the *Vengeance*, and so on, a really noble little squadron, with a patriot force commanded by Generals Solomon Lovell and Peleg Wadsworth and Colonel Paul Revere, set out for Castine, and on the morning of July 28 landed their not very numerous hundreds at a point a little removed from the village. A sharp engagement ensued, in which the British were entirely victorious. In this affair Sir John Moore was a participant—not then a knight—and Captain James Henry Craig was another actual assistant. The month of July was an active one in Castine's revolutionary story. On the 31st, General Wadsworth set in order, upon the high hill back of the village, those rifle-pits and battery-coverts still there. On August 11 a general attack was made, by land and sea, on the fort, and our forces had the satisfaction of taking it, but with an unfortunate sequel. In view of the news of a squadron of the enemy standing up Penobscot bay, General Lovell retreated in good order, abandoning the place to the enemy as far as to the fleet. Its departure, however, was intercepted by the expected British ships. The American vessels, awkwardly handled, were all destroyed by their crews. The American ownership of Castine's position was thus ended in anything but a success or a credit to us.

After this engagement the British continued to hold Castine and to garrison the fort—still known as Fort George—throughout the remainder of the Revolution, until peace was declared; nor did they evacuate it till 1783. Sundry attempts were made upon it, but not with effect nor by the state. The fort, an admirably contrived and well constructed one, was kept in constant repair and use; and I know of no similar structure to-day that is in such satisfactory and, indeed, extraordinary preservation.* It is at

* Not a little, it may be said, through the public-spirited generosity of Mr. George Witherlee of Castine, who spares no care nor taste in the preservation of its relics.

once a beauty and a strength to the landscape. In its compass the tennis and the ball players flit about under the blue skies on fair days, instead of the tramping red figures of the British infantry; and on its green rampart the quiet eventide stroll of Castine's inhabitants to-day takes the place of the sentry's patrollings, and friendly greetings stir the echoes instead of "All's well!" But it is still soldierlike and stanch, still an intact fort, not a series of hillocks; and from its verdant bastions one looks always farther afield than to the opposite shores of the Penobscot or of the harbor, even back to the days when our fathers fought for their liberty and lives, sometimes with defeat, but with defeat swallowed up in victory, whereof we enjoy the peaceful fruits.

It is proper to say here, that during the succeeding British occupation of the place, the colonial population were well treated—so well treated as to imply a good-sized Tory element in the town, *à l'abri*, as has been intimated. This fact is recognized in a military order to General Lovell in 1779, in which he is ordered to keep a wary eye on the villagers. But during the British tenancy the townspeople generally were not permitted to meddle with fire-arms or visit the garrison; they were forced to contribute rations liberally. Strangers suspected of colonial sentiments, and not able to give a good account of themselves, not only were banished summarily, but *whipped*. On one occasion, when a colonial soldier, during a skirmish-attack on the English works, then in progress, attempted to procure some water from a spring at close range, a somewhat extraordinary circumstance happened; the man being fired upon by at least sixty soldiers, without receiving any wound from the whole broadside. Whether it was a matter of bad marksmanship or invulnerability I shall not attempt to say. His townsmen all believed it the latter, and proportionately revered him.

During the progress of the Revolution, Castine and Fort George often held persons of more or less importance. In this connection is to be chronicled the really notable escape effected from the place in February, 1780, by our revolutionary officer, General Peleg Wadsworth, mentioned as a participator in an early engagement at the town—an escape not unlike the famous one of the European adventurer Casanova from his durance—the general nocturnally making his way out to freedom, along with a companion (who was retaken unhappily), from a grated room, *via* the ceiling, between the sentries, over the stockade and *chevaux de frise*, down the glacis and over the ditch, and so across the Penobscot inlet, below the fort that still bears his name and is associated with his audacity!*

* The particulars of this incident are in a manuscript by Wm. D. Williamson, in the Maine Historical Society's care; fully quoted, however, by Dr. Wheeler in his scholarly Castine record.

The war was over at last. The piping times of peace had come. The fair, rolling country landscapes of Maine grew ripe with harvests, and populated by busy agriculturists. Castine's development was slow but sure. Shipping interests advanced it, and as the land grew wonted to its new conditions, prosperity settled upon the place, and only the scars of battles being left as their witnesses, substantial fortunes were made by the residents. Its trade and social life, its connection with other communities, were steady processes, and a handful of villages like itself sprang up on one or the other side of its harbor. It is difficult to name a more exquisite spot for an American home than its brilliantly green heights, and the deep indigo-colored sea washing the rocky shore. But the fundamental simplicity and sober-minded ways of the village were not materially affected by any fungus growths from the cities, nor by the license of too many new-fangled ideas. Castine grew old as a conservative, modest, retired community. Such it is to-day. There are quaint anecdotes of its post-revolutionary development, of its early events, and public and private doings and topics. We find its village hotel-keeper's wife, in one remote year, solemnly telling the minister, in her dying moments, that she wanted to go to heaven, but that "she wanted to go there by way of Boston"—an aspiration likely to stir a sympathetic nerve in the heart of many rural New England folk, even if it does not quite reach to touching the highest string, nor vie with Gabriel, in the mind of New Yorkers. We find the surprising record of a calf born that weighed at the time "only twenty-seven pounds," but that within less than a month increased its avoirdupois to one hundred and twenty-seven—oh prodigious growth! We hear of the village postman daily carrying the mails about tied up in a yellow pocket-handkerchief, that he directed to be borne on a rod, like a flag, or veritable signal of distress, at his funeral; and we also learn of a later mail-deliverer, who having lost one of his team of horses, regularly supplied the missing animal's place with a heifer yoked with the remaining horse—a system of letter-service that in respect of speed appears often to be imitated in our own metropolitan post-office.

There are stories of pirates and privateers, and that other naval anecdote, dear to local chroniclers, the account of how one Captain Whitney, in the ship *Hiram*, made a bold stand, and navigated his own vessel into one foe's keeping to save it from another enemy. We read of the community's early judicial executions; of one Seth Elliot who refused with strong oaths to pay a doctor's bill on the night before the gallows was to receive him, on the very fair ground that no man ought to die and be expected to pay a physician's bill, in which view we can concede, to some

degree, at least. There is also the fact of a similar end—rope's end—for one Ebenezer Ball, whose hanging in 1811 elicited a long mortuary poem by Parson Fisher of Blue Hill, which concludes solemnly :

"Take warning then, oh, my dear friends !
Let me advise you all :
Pray shun all vice, and do not die
Like Ebenezer Ball !"

In a certain ancient stone oven in the village, an Indian woman, a servant, was wont to put her pappoose to sleep while occupied or out. One day her mistress, in her absence, made a fine fire under the oven without happening to open the door. I leave the catastrophe to the imagination. There is a haunted house in the village, where a little ghost speaks or squeaks infantile Penobscot. In the elegy on the excellent Dr. Powers, written after that venerable clergyman's death from consumption, in 1807, the event is set forth with as much medical perspicuity as poetry :

"Seized with a cold, while laboring in the cause
Of great Immanuel and his holy laws,
Opprest with fever and consumption's force,
The worthy POWERS has fulfilled his course."

Pastoral vacations in those days seem to have been differently regarded from those of our time, inasmuch as we find this same excellent Mr. Powers allowed by explicit vote of his parish four Sabbaths in each year, in which he is understood—not to go to Europe, but—"to visit his friends and preach to the poor."

During the civil struggle, Castine sent a goodly group of her fathers and sons to the front. The conflict was watched on every step by those left at home, in an intense and nobly loyal spirit. On the village-green to-day a monument commemorates its regard for those who did not come back to Maine from the fields of The Wilderness, of Gettysburg, and of Shiloh.

From those days of America's third war to the present ones, Castine has settled into only a deeper tranquillity. Nothing marred its peacefulness, and those who must needs be busy in the world, or make a noise in it, have fallen into a way of leaving the village, for qualifying such ambitions or necessities. It is a corner of our country where it is "always afternoon": and to spend a month there is to eat daily the leaves of the lotus. It is a small centre of rural happiness and beauty, "away down east," not different in leading characteristics from many New England towns, yet with its own individuality of patriotism, prosperity, and simplicity. Up

and down its seven or eight green streets, the fine old colonial dwellings face each other in homely and home-like dignity and solidity.

The chances of commerce and its remoteness from the highways of travel have dwarfed its trade energies, and stifled its manufacturing interests. One gently, drowsily, humming ropewalk represents the last named. There is no railroad; only the stage-coach and steamboat serve it. If the village does not sleep, it dozes, and seems to brood over the past rather than to be awake to the unromantic, struggling present. It is this attitude, it is this air about it, that charms the metropolitan visitor. He looks at it, and walks up and down and around it, and remembers the Indian warriors of its aboriginal period, the sturdy Baron de St. Castin and his dusky bride, the British and American fights and manœuvres; and then, so looking and thinking, he says to himself, that after all, three or four hundred years is but a little time, a lightly-running matter, a tale that is told. And he also reflects that it is not so much to be considered whether a place that once knew such or such tenants now knows them no more, as it is a matter of how far those who are owners to-day have inherited and have preserved their best qualities as neighbors, as men and women, and as American citizens.

E. Inmanuel Stormen

A GLANCE AT THE AGE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

It goes without saying, every one has faults. A character would be incomplete, or at least not human, without them; and as we become experienced in the ways of the world, this general certainty is ever present with us, which makes us skeptical when we hear of superhuman excellence. If possible, or as far as possible, we should seek to understand historical characters as they really were, or, at any rate, we should study them with the preconceived conviction that they were endowed with virtues as well as faults, like the rest of mankind. It is incident to human nature, of course, to regard with more or less disfavor any charges that reflect darkly upon the characters of those whom on the whole we admire; and we as naturally are inclined to magnify and extol their virtues. Is it not true, as Shakespeare says:

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones"?

Intellectual differences are readily admitted, because they cannot easily be denied; but the recognition of true human nobleness is perhaps quite as guardedly acknowledged by some, as to brand one as utterly base is by others. It is certainly a trait in human nature, and among those, too, not morally vicious, always to try to paint in the brightest colors those characters which by common consent have been stamped as infamous, while they are chary of praise concerning those commonly accepted as good. It is a very trite saying, that straws show which way the wind blows; and so, oftentimes, a single career in a given age, or notable incidents in the life of a single person, will serve to a great degree in marking the character of a period and those prominent in it, as certainly as the quality of the water in a stream reveals the nature of the sources from which it flows. There is, perhaps, no more famous name in the annals of English history than that of Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, who ruled England for nearly fifty years, and during whose long reign some of the great problems of human destiny were solved, and the course of human progress was directed into the channels in which it has since moved onward. Early in her reign charges most derogatory to her character were circulated, not only in England, but on the continent of Europe. Many persons among the reading and non-reading classes to-day have heard of these charges, and without knowing or inquiring upon what ground or foundation they rest, have formed an

opinion and reached a conclusion concerning this most extraordinary woman. Of course, the subject is one, to say the very least, of large dimensions and great magnitude. But it is merely my purpose to show, by the consideration of a few incidents happening in her day and in close connection with her person—under her very eye, as it were—which reflect a glorious light upon an age of which it is not too much to say none has exerted a greater influence, and of which she was, perhaps, the most distinguished and prominent leader: these straws will show to some extent which way the wind blew. Let us remember that the age in which she lived was one which was just emerging from the darkness of the mediæval past into the bright light of knowledge and peace, which now shines so brightly and grandly throughout the world. But it is quite incredible that she could have lived and moved within the sphere which surrounded and encompassed her daily and on every side; that she could have been so conspicuous and potent a figure and factor in the midst of affairs such as then obtained, and occupied the minds of men—as she was by all around her confessed to be—guiding, influencing, controlling among men not only noble, high-minded, and truly great, but deeply religious men withal—as we have abundant evidence to prove; some of whom, none greater in all these respects have ever lived—without herself being a truly noble and virtuous woman.

I would call attention to the kind of letters men wrote in those days to their young sons. The following, by Sir Henry Sidney, most intimately associated with her for a long term of years in the administration of her government, is an extract from one addressed by him to his son, the courtly Sir Philip Sidney, when scarcely eleven years old: "Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour; whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that you are accustomed to do in that time."

His father wrote concerning Philip after he had attained his twenty-fourth year, to his younger brother Robert, as follows: "In truth—I speak it without flattery of him or of myself—he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion, to his commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony."

That England was in a very much better moral state than the rest of Europe at this time, we have the evidence of Robert Ascham, Philip's

tutor, who, halting but nine days in Venice, says that "in that time he saw more liberty to sin than he ever heard tell of in our noble London in nine years." As illustrative of the high moral tone and thoughtful and serious character of his mind, the following extract from one of Philip's letters is certainly remarkable, especially when we consider that it was written from Italy before he had attained the age of twenty, and while he was closely observing with intense interest the working out of some of the most momentous problems that have ever been played on the political chess-board of Europe. "Refreshing of the mind consists more than anything else in that seemingly play of humor which is so natural and so engrafted, as it were, in the characters of some of the wisest men." This sentiment concerning humor is very beautifully expressed by Dr. Weir Mitchell in the January number of *The Century*. It is a very desirable habit, he says, "to ease the frictions of life with the precious ointment of mirth." One of Philip's most intimate and life-long friends wrote concerning him: "Soldiers honored him, and were so honored by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation. Men of affairs in most parts of Christendom entertained correspondence with him. . . . His heart and capacity were so large that there was not a cunning painter, a skillful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, found him his true friend without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time. Neither was this in Sir Philip a private but a public affection; his chief ends being not friends, wife, children, and himself, but above all things the honor of his Maker, and the service of his prince and country." It may be well for us to consider what one held in so high and universal esteem thought concerning Queen Elizabeth. After speaking of the scandalous stories that were sometimes floated concerning her, he said: "I durst with my blood answer it, that there never was a monarch held in more precious reckoning of her people; and before God how can it be otherwise? A singular honor God hath done you to be, indeed, the only protector of his church, the example of princes, the ornament of this age." Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded in a desperate charge at the battle of Zutphen, and died when he lacked but six weeks of being thirty-two. In his last moments the attending chaplain comforted him with texts of holy Scripture, and pious assurances. Sidney, lifting up his eyes and hands exclaimed: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." It is not too much to say:

"He was the expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The observed of all observers."

As is universally conceded, the fair and illustrious fame of Sir Philip Sidney has not been dimmed by the lapse of ages. His father, his highly gifted and most accomplished mother, his brothers and sister, who bore a striking resemblance to him, were all singularly exemplary in their lives and characters, not only when viewed in the light of the high circle and sphere in which they lived, but their virtues and the purity of their walk and conversation would have adorned the Christian character in the lowliest and humblest stations. Surely such noble examples could not but have exerted a most wholesome and elevating influence upon all who came within their sphere, especially when we are assured by many contemporaneous witnesses that their virtues were estimated and esteemed at their true value. It is not pretended that all in Elizabeth's court possessed such exalted merit, though the incidents cited were by no means isolated cases; but if

"Vice be a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,"

surely the presence of such distinguished worth and pre-eminent virtues, which were so highly extolled and appreciated by those living at the time, and in their constant company, ought to go very far and weigh greatly toward convincing us that there were many lofty and noble and pure souls in daily contact and intercourse with the great queen, of whom all were proud, and felt that they honored themselves in yielding her the homage of their profound regard. Surely a queen could not have been endowed with a low, base, much less degraded nature and soul, who could excite and draw forth from such lofty spirits as these the tributes which they ungrudgingly bestowed, not simply upon her intellectual endowments, but also upon her virtues and worth.

We have too, by a contemporary writer, a beautiful account of an English church service in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in St. George's, Windsor; the narrator being a foreigner—Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg. "This castle," he says, "stands upon a knoll, or hill; in the outer or first court there is a very beautiful and immensely large church, with a flat, even roof covered with lead, as is common with all churches in this kingdom. In this church his highness listened for more than an hour to the beautiful music, the usual ceremonies, and the English sermon. The music, especially the organ, was exquisitely played, for at times you could hear the sound of cornets, flutes, then fifes, and other instruments; and there was likewise a little boy, who sang so sweetly amongst it all, and threw such a charm over the music with his little tongue, that it was really

wonderful to listen to him. After the music, which lasted a long time, had ended, a minister ascended the pulpit and preached in English."

This is not such a narrative—the incidents related are not such as we should expect from the pen of a foreigner who has visited a dissolute court, whose sovereign, although the ruling and controlling spirit thereof, was held to be not a good woman.

Beesley, in his recent *Life of Elizabeth*, admits that few rulers, male or female, have had to contend with such formidable and complicated difficulties as the English queen, and that few have surmounted them so triumphantly. This is the criterion which determines the judgment of practical men; and, although research may modify, it can never set aside the popular verdict. There are writers who have described Elizabeth as selfish and wayward, short-sighted, easily duped, faint-hearted, rash, miserly, wasteful, and swayed by the pettiest impulses of vanity, spite, and personal inclination. They have not explained how it could happen that a woman with all such disqualifications for government should have ruled England with such signal success for nearly forty-five years. Good luck will not explain so long and so unbroken a period of efficient rule. No one had a better opportunity or a higher capacity for estimating the greatness of Elizabeth than had Francis Bacon. He said of her: "It is not to closet penmen that we are to look for guidance in such a case; for men of that order, being keen in style, poor in judgment, and partial in feeling, are no faithful witnesses as to the real passages of business. It is for ministers and for great officers to judge of these things, and those who have handled the helm of government and been acquainted with the difficulties and mysteries of state business."

GEORGE G. HEPBURN

HOW TO STUDY UNITED STATES HISTORY

For some time educational thinkers have concerned themselves with the question of what our public schools should teach. To instructors, however, this question is subordinate to the one of how a subject determined upon should be taught. We thus see the questions *what* and *how* presenting themselves at every stage of school work; the one involving the philosophy of education, the other, its science and art; the one of interest to the general public, the other intimately associated with professional success.

A complete system of educational philosophy may be summed up in three words: quality, as applied to intellect; expression, as related to thought; and application, as associated with acquired knowledge. Judged by the canons of this philosophy we find an ideal study to be one whose mastery has a culture value, whose application bears directly upon the conduct and practical affairs of life, and whose methods give full scope to individual expression. Such a study is the history of one's country.

A special significance is attached to the study of United States history, which is better understood when it is conceived that the prime function of the American public-school is to train to intelligent and patriotic citizenship. Intelligence implies the possession of certain knowledge, the power to acquire additional knowledge, and the ability to apply acquired knowledge whenever practicable. Citizenship implies the possession of rights and privileges, which are more satisfactorily exercised when their origin and nature are known. The mental equipment of any intelligent citizen includes a knowledge of his country's past, an understanding of his relations to the various governmental organizations placed over him, and a proper apprehension of the duties pertaining to his sovereignty.

The intimate relation that history bears to other subjects of human interest gives it additional importance. Dealing with persons, it is closely associated with biography and literature. Dealing with places, it enters into inseparable companionship with geography. Dealing with motives, causes and effects, national and local life, community relations and institutions, it trenches upon the domains of psychology, philosophy, political economy, and sociology. Furnishing standards by which the student may gauge and pattern his own conduct, it bears upon the subject of ethics. Viewed from every standpoint and in every light, its position in the common school curriculum is unassailable.

When the question arises as to how a given subject may be successfully taught we are led naturally to consider the principles underlying successful teaching in general. An analysis of these principles enables us to make two groupings of elements which go to make up success. The first consists of qualities possessed or cultivated by the teacher, which may be briefly summarized as follows: (1) Thorough familiarity with the subject taught; (2) Ability to secure and retain attention; (3) Skill in devising and adapting the methods best suited to existing circumstances; (4) Will power; (5) Earnestness; (6) Enthusiasm. The second grouping comprises the four consecutive steps embraced in all successful methods of imparting full knowledge of a subject. Teachers will recognize these in the brief and technical terms of: (1) Instruction; (2) Drill; (3) Testing; (4) Review.

In particularizing the successful teaching of history, it may be added to what has been said, that the teacher should have at all times in mind a clear idea of the ground to be covered and the relation sustained by each lesson or topic to the whole subject. He must apprehend fully the sequences of historical cause and effect, and be able to group events that bear upon one another. In no other branch of instruction is the teacher's fund of general information so valuable; and it may be well said that a teacher who is full of his subject is a never-failing source of inspiration.

As it is much easier to generalize upon what not to do than upon what to do, the following, crystallized from a professional experience of some years, is appended for the benefit of young teachers.

THE TWELVE DON'TS.

- (1) Don't require the text to be memorized. That is cultivating verbal memory, not teaching history.
- (2) Don't follow a strictly chronological order. The idea of time is a poor one about which to group events that are otherwise unrelated.
- (3) Don't burden the mind with unimportant dates. Beyond the memorizing of twelve important dates no special effort in this direction should be required. It is only necessary to know the relative and approximate time of most events mentioned in history.
- (4) Don't assign lessons by pages. Let the lessons be upon subjects or topics.
- (5) Don't assign long lessons. Short lessons well understood are of more value than long ones cursorily dealt with.

(6) Don't fail to make preliminary expositions of the lessons assigned. Pupils often need instruction as to what and how to study.

(7) Don't explain too much. Leave something for the pupil to do. Quality of intellect depends upon concentrative mental effort. Too much explanation frequently imbues the pupil with the idea that he knows the lesson without further study. This over-confidence results unsatisfactorily.

(8) Don't be afraid to make the recitation interesting. While there is no substitute for earnest study, and the teacher should never relieve the pupil of responsibility in the matter, yet the mental application once secured, every facility should be extended to the pupil to express himself fully and freely during recitation.

(9) Don't fail to review frequently. Thoroughness is indicated not in what is learned but in what is remembered.

(10) Don't neglect to keep posted upon current events. History is being made every day. Read the newspapers, call frequent attention to the connection between present and past events.

(11) Don't confine yourself to one text-book or authority. Encourage parallel readings, and interest the pupils in the investigation of some few selected subjects thoroughly.

(12) Don't imagine that everything *in a complete school history* is to be mastered. Advanced histories are works of reference as well as class-books. The thorough study of successive lessons may be insisted upon as means of culture. What is best to be remembered is covered by review questions of a broad and general nature, as given in most works of a standard character.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Henry O. Chambers". The signature is written in dark ink and features a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS

BLACKHAWK'S FAREWELL SPEECH

On August 27, 1832, after the suppression of an Indian emeute near the Four Lakes, by the United States army, the great Indian chief, Blackhawk, losing all hope, surrendered himself at Prairie du Chien. On this occasion he delivered a remarkable speech, a full record of which is given in the second volume of Dr. Shaffner's *History of America*. The following is a metrical version of his eloquent remarks :

You've caged the Indian eagle, you've rent his lordly wings,
And he shall soar no longer o'er the mountains' belted rings ;
But while I'm pinioned by your gyves, my only grief will be
That I did not pay back to you the pains you dealt to me !
I fought you to the very last, and boldly face to face,
For we the children of the winds are still a valiant race ;
Your bullets flew, like angry birds, fast flutt'ring in our ears,
Or like the breezes, swift and keen, that sweep the barren meres ;
My warriors fell—yes, one by one, beneath your raking shot,
Yet while the last of them survived, Blackhawk surrendered not !

My evil day had come to hand. The sun that dawn rose dim,
And when the evening shadows fell, the skies looked red and grim ;
The sunset like a ball of fire, gleamed from its dying bed—
Oh, 'twas the last of all the suns to shine on Blackhawk's head !
For now his heart is bleak and cold, all lorn and lone is he—
The white men are his masters, and he's no longer free !
Oh, now their chains are on my limbs, their fangs are at my throat,
But the red Indian, who would fear, is scarcely worth a groat !
No coward I—I swear it here, by the great spirit-god,
For craven souls never took root within our forest sod !
The white man's thongs might lash my frame till death's last dirge shall toll—
He has no thongs to whip or maim my still unconquered soul !

Great spirit ! we did pray to thee—to thee we cried for years
To give us life with liberty, and wipe away our tears !
Thy council spoke, and urged us on, to fight for land and squaw,
And crush with all our might and main the white man's odious law ;
But we failed, O god of gods, for all our heavers fled—
Throughout the land there reigned, alas ! the silence of the dead ;

Our crystal streams grew dry as dust, our squaws starved everywhere—
'Twas then the spirit of our sires called us to do and dare !
Around the council fire we stood, and leaving fools to talk,
We raised the fierce war-whoop once more, and clutched the tomahawk !

Our knives shone proudly bright that day, and Blackhawk's heart swelled high,
And from his lips the vow went forth to conquer or to die !
Oh, if he died, he knew his soul would pass through cleansing fires,
And reach the spirit-land above, and greet his warrior sires !
Death would be glad if he had not a wife to leave behind—
He cared not for himself alone, but only for his kind !
And, oh, he fears his countrymen, whipped like ignoble slaves,
Will spend their days in servitude, and fill unholy graves,
For though the whites scalp not the head, yet with a devil's art,
They do far worse—they pour the death of poison on the heart !

Quite soon the reds will be as whites—you cannot trust the race,
For guile will stain each Indian soul, and varnish every face !
The heart and mind will be divorced, and lips no more will shrink
From utt'ring words and phrases sleek they do not really think.
Farewell, my land, your Blackhawk tried to rend your galling chain,
And right your sad and bloody wrongs, but, oh, he tried in vain !
He drank the blood of many a white—oh, would he could once more !
But fate has willed it otherwise, his chequered race is o'er,
His end is near, his sun has set—oh, nevermore to rise—
And Blackhawk goes with heavy heart to scale the starry skies !

Eugene Davis.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[Concluding chapter, continued from page 468]

This village was full of whig troops, and the retreat of Butler's captors toward King's mountain, whither he was being followed by Williams and his army, led the Virginia volunteers to march rapidly in the same direction. Horse Shoe and young Lindsay joined the military party, anxious to participate in the great battle which now appeared imminent, leaving Mildred under the care of Allen Musgrove and his daughter, with a small guard of soldiers. But Mildred was restless, and persuaded Allen Musgrove to accompany her to some point near the probable battle-field. They reached the neighborhood of King's mountain, an elongated ridge rising out of the bosom of an uneven country to the height of five hundred feet, like an insulated promontory, just as the two hostile armies were about to engage in deadly conflict. The attack was made by the continentals, the chief leaders with their forces having arranged to scale the heights and make the onset in several places as nearly as possible at the same instant.

Mildred, with Mary Musgrove by her side, watched from a high knoll the movements of the armies. The advancing continentals, in close ranks, with a serried thicket of rifles above their heads, now and then deploying into files to pass some narrow path, their bodies bent, and moving with the speed of hunters for wild game, was a strangely fascinating sight. The scarlet enemy were to be seen on the crest of the mountain, actively preparing for the assault. Henry Lindsay stood beside Mildred for a moment ere he rode on with his company, to say to her that he was to serve as aid-de-camp, and that Horse Shoe was to help him. Horse Shoe had given some valuable hints to Campbell, who had divided his army into three equal parts, telling him that the British had no cannon on the mountain, and "that the advancing columns should not deploy until near the crest."

The description of this battle is one of the best portions of the famous novel, but it is no part of our present purpose to reproduce it here. The incidents were innumerable and of thrilling interest. When the conti-

nentials came within musket-shot of the British regulars, the sharp and prolonged volleys rattled along the mountain side, and volumes of smoke, silvered by the light of the afternoon sun, rolled over and enveloped the combatants. Horse Shoe was in the thick of the fight with no other weapon but his customary rifle, galloping over an adversary, or round him, as the emergency rendered most advisable.

At a moment when one of the refluxes of battle brought him almost to the summit of the mountain, he descried a small party of British dragoons stationed some distance in the rear of the British line, whose detached position seemed to infer some duty unconnected with the general combat, and he thought he recognized the figure and dress of Arthur Butler, who stood near them, bare-headed, upon a projecting mass of rock, apparently watching the exciting scene. Without an instant's hesitation he rode swiftly toward the Virginia rangers, and called upon Stephen Foster to select half-dozen of his best men, and follow him. This was done, and by a circuit along the right side of the mountain, Horse Shoe soon conducted the party to the summit at a point between the British line and the dragoons, which effectually cut off the latter from their friends in front. The dragoons charged with the custody of Butler were taken by surprise, with no alternative but to defend themselves or fly. "Huzza for Major Butler," cried Horse Shoe. "What, ho, James Curry! stand your ground, if you are a man!" he shouted in the next breath, riding furiously after his foe, who was scurrying into the woods for safety.

The two soldiers met in fierce encounter, and Curry was killed. The dragoons fled panic-stricken at the loss of their leader, and Butler was left in the midst of his friends. "God bless you, major; spring across the pommel," cried Horse Shoe, and seizing Butler by the arm, assisted him to mount, and the faithful horse dashed away at full speed toward the base of the mountain with his double burden, followed by Stephen Foster and the whole party.

Mildred, pale with emotion and intensely agitated, was clinging to Mary Musgrove's arm, speaking her terrors unconsciously from time to time. "In God is our trust; His arm is abroad over the dangerous paths, for a shield and a buckler to them that put their trust in Him," said the miller, reverently. "Ha! there is Ferguson's white horse, rushing with a dangling rein and an empty saddle down the mountain, through Campbell's ranks. The rider has fallen. And there, look! is the white flag waving in the hands of a British officer. The fight is over. Hark! hark! our friends are cheering, the battle is won!" In the busy movement that

followed, a party of horsemen was seen through the occasional intervals of the low wood that skirted the valley on the right, sweeping along the base of the mountain toward the knoll where Mildred was standing. These horsemen were lost to view among the trees and angles of the hills for a brief time, but when they emerged and once more attracted Mildred's eyes, they were so near that she recognized them all—Horse Shoe in the lead with Butler seated on the same horse, and Stephen Foster and his Virginians following, who had been joined by Henry Lindsay on his way to announce the tidings of victory to his sister. "There, take him!" shouted Horse Shoe, with an effort to laugh, which was husky, as springing to the ground, he swung Butler from the horse. "Take him, ma'am; I promised myself that I'd give him to you. God bless us—but I'm happy to-day."

"My husband! my dear husband!" were the only articulate words that escaped Mildred's lips, as she fell senseless into the arms of Arthur Butler.

In this celebrated battle many brave men fell on both sides. The fight was relentless, vindictive, and bloody. The men of the mountains remembered the cruelties of the enemy during the brief tory dominion, and pursued their foes with the unquenchable rage of revenge. It was with a yell of triumph that they saw the symbol of submission raised aloft on the mountain crest, and for a time the forest rang with their loud and reiterated huzzas. They sustained a severe loss in the death of Colonel James Williams, who was struck down in the moment of victory. He was young, ardent, and fearless, and a great favorite among his military associates. The sun was yet an hour high when the conflict ended, and the conquerors forming in two lines on the ridge of the mountain, guarded the prisoners as they were brought forward in detached columns and laid down their arms on the intervening ground. Many sullen and angry glances were exchanged between the victors and the vanquished, the former noticing among the columns of prisoners some of their bitterest persecutors.

Preparations were made for night quarters, and the whole host (the prisoners more numerous than their captors) were ordered to march to the valley. The surgeons remained to care for such of the wounded as could not be moved, and shelters were constructed from the boughs of trees, and fires kindled to guard the sufferers from the early frost of the season. While Campbell was attending to these details, a messenger came running to summon him to a scene of unexpected interest. A gentleman, not attached to the army, had been dangerously wounded in the fight, and

now lay at the farther extremity of the mountain ridge, attended only by a private soldier of the British army. He earnestly begged for an interview with the commanding officer, and Campbell hurried to the spot. The gentleman was evidently breathing out his life, and to Campbell's gentle inquiry, said he was Philip Lindsay, of Virginia, in pursuit of his children. "My daughter Mildred, I have been told, is near me—I would see her, and quickly." Campbell was much shocked, but he lost no time in sending for a surgeon, with other necessary assistance. Lindsay's wounds were dressed, and a litter was constructed on which he was borne by four men to a place of shelter in a cottage at the foot of the mountain. Meantime Campbell rode with all possible speed to communicate the discovery of their father to Mildred and her brother.

Mr. Lindsay's movements may be briefly chronicled. He had journeyed with Tyrrel into the low country of Virginia to meet officers of the royal government, who sought his financial aid in their expeditions, and was absent three weeks. Nothing decisive had occurred, however, when they both returned to the Dove Cote, where Mr. Lindsay first learned that his son and daughter had started for the seat of war. Mildred's letter (which she left behind her) nearly struck him dumb, for in it she related the story of Arthur Butler's misfortunes, and announced to her father that she had been for about a year past the wedded wife of the captive officer. The marriage had been solemnized the preceding year in a hasty moment, as Butler traveled south to join the army, and the witnesses were Mrs. Dimock, under whose roof it occurred, Henry Lindsay, and the clergyman. The reason for the secret marriage was explained, both Mildred and Arthur hoping by this irremediable step to reconcile Mr. Lindsay, and turn his mind from his unhappy broodings. As Arthur Butler's wife, Mildred declared in her letter that she felt it her duty to go to his rescue.

Tyrrel artfully proposed to Lindsay to pursue his children, hoping to lure him into the camp of Cornwallis, and connect him with the fortunes of war. The chances of life, Tyrrel said, were against Butler; he evidently had reason to believe that the snares he had laid for him had been successful. Lindsay was finally persuaded, and went on the long journey, reaching the headquarters of Cornwallis within a week after Mildred's interview with that officer. While remaining there he heard that Mildred had turned aside from her homeward journey in quest of Butler, and, accompanied by Tyrrel, he continued the pursuit, arriving at King's mountain at the moment of the attack.

The scene in the cottage when Mildred, Henry, and Butler arrived must be left to the reader's imagination. Mr. Lindsay was composed and

tranquil. He could talk very little, but he took Mildred's hand, and placed it within that of her husband, and said, "God bless you, my children; I forgive you." During the night he was in a high fever and delirious, occasionally sleeping, and, with the surgeon, Mildred and Mary Musgrove kept watch in the apartment, while Butler, with Horse Shoe and Allen Musgrove, remained anxiously awake in the adjoining room. Henry Lindsay was stretched in a deep sleep on the floor.

The cottage was about half a mile from the encampment of the army, and a little before sunrise singular noises were heard in that direction. Horse Shoe stole quietly away to discover the cause. He had not walked far when he saw a confused crowd of soldiers in the valley, at some distance from the camp, and hastened to the spot. The recent executions which had been permitted in Cornwallis' camp, after the battle of Camden, and atrocities practised by some of the tories among the captured, had suggested signal retribution. Therefore, several obnoxious men were being dragged forth from their ranks at early dawn for summary punishment by the excited soldiery, in spite of all remonstrance or command. Eight or ten had already been hung on the limbs of a large tree, and preparations were being made to lift a trembling wretch of gaunt form to the same fate. Horse Shoe recognized in the victim Wat Adair, who, frantic with terror, sprang with a tiger's leap toward him, crying, "Oh, save me! save me! Horse Shoe Robinson!" "I am no friend of yours," replied Horse Shoe; but he turned to the crowd, shouting, "Hold! One word, friends; I have somewhat to say in this matter." One of the executioners exclaimed, "He gave Butler into Hugh Habershaw's hands;" and another yelled, "He took the price of blood, and sold Butler's life for money—he shall die." A chorus of voices cried, "Up with him; we want no words."

"Friends," said Horse Shoe calmly to the multitude, "there is better game to hunt than this mountain-cat; let me have my say." The crowd fell back, and formed a circle round Horse Shoe and Adair. "I give you your choice, Wat Adair," said Horse Shoe, "to tell us who put you on to ambush Major Butler's life at Grindall's ford, and answer all other questions we may ax you, and have your life, taking one hundred lashes to the back of it—or be strung up to yonder tree." "I will confess all," cried Adair, with eagerness. "James Curry told me of your coming, and gave the money to help Habershaw." "The name of James Curry's master?" said Horse Shoe, sternly. Adair hesitated for an instant, then stammered out, "Captain St. Jermyn." "Was he at your house?" "He was there," said Adair. "Curry acted by his directions, and was well-paid for it; he told

me he would have got more if a quarrel among Habershaw's people hadn't stopped them from taking Butler's life. When the major wasn't killed at the ford, it was thought best to have a trial, wherein James Curry and Habershaw agreed to swear against the major's life." "And were paid for it?" "It was upon a consideration, of course," replied Adair. "And Captain St. Jermyn contrived this?" "They said he left it all to Curry, and rather seemed to take Butler's side at the trial. He did not want to be known in the business." "Where is this Captain St. Jermyn?" demanded many voices, and there was an immediate rush toward the quarter where the prisoners were assembled; and, in a shorter space of time than it takes to tell the story, that officer met his death by hanging.

By this time Butler and Henry Lindsay had arrived in the valley, attracted by the singular uproar, and Butler, seeing the body of an officer swinging from the tree, exclaimed with astonishment: "Is not that St. Jermyn?" "No; it is Tyrrel," replied Henry. "What!" said Butler; "Tyrrel and St. Jermyn the same person? This is indeed a mystery. St. Jermyn was not with Ferguson. How came he here to-day?" Horse Shoe appeared at this moment, saying: "These schemers and contrivers against other's lives are sure to come to account first or last. The devil put it into St. Jermyn's head to make Ferguson a visit, and he came only yesterday with Mr. Lindsay, and got the poor gentleman his hurt. You mought remember James Curry, and the man he sarved when we saw him at the Blue Ball, him they eall Tyrrel? This is that same Tyrrel—master and man travel one road."

When Butler returned to the cottage he found Mr. Lindsay in a dying condition, and Mildred and Henry by his couch in mute anguish. In the midst of their sorrow the retiring army passed by with military music and the professional indifference of soldiers to the calamities of war, while the chief officers paused at the door of the cottage for a sad farewell.

In a lonely thicket near the margin of a little brook on the eastern side of King's mountain, the traveler of the present day may be shown an almost obliterated mound, marked with the fragment of a rude tombstone on which are carved the letters P. L. Here the remains of Philip Lindsay were buried, and after the restoration of peace were transported to the Dove Cote.

When Mr. John Pendleton Kennedy, under the *nom de plume* of Mark Littleton, wrote the captivating story of *Horse Shoe Robinson*, of which we have given a brief summary in these pages, he was about forty years of

age, and was already known as a clever writer, having issued *The Red Book*, a fortnightly satirical publication, and *Swallow Barn*, a story of rural life in Virginia. He was a native of Maryland, a graduate in 1812 of the college that is now the University of Maryland; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1816; became a lecturer and writer on many important topics, notably *A Discourse on the Life and Character of William Wirt*, and a review, in 1830, of Churchill C. Cambreleng's report on commerce and navigation, combating its anti-protective arguments; and he was furthermore a close student of American history. He served in the war of 1812, fighting at Bladensburg and North Point; and he was a conspicuous member of the house of delegates in Maryland from 1820 to 1823. All people of intelligence are aware that he was, in 1846, the speaker of the Maryland house of delegates, and in 1852 secretary of the navy, and that it was mainly through his efforts the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage, were successful; and that while in Paris, on one occasion, his friend William M. Thackeray, becoming weary of his work on *The Virginians*, asked Kennedy to write a chapter for him, which he agreed to do if he could catch "the run of the story." Kennedy actually produced the fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Virginians*, which accounts for the accuracy of the descriptions of the local scenery about Cumberland, with which he was familiar and which Thackeray had never seen. It was his knowledge of the country and of the character and temper of the people from central Virginia to South Carolina, together with his historical studies of events in those regions during the dark days of the Revolution, which has given such life, vivacity, and interest to the novel before us. It is no matter of wonder that three editions of the work were quickly exhausted on its issue by a Philadelphia publisher in 1836. *Noms de plume* were the fashion in those days, and many a delighted reader never lived to know the real name of the author, although as the years rolled on there was no secret about it. We have chosen to present our brief summary of the work from a rare copy of the original first edition, of which it is believed there are not more than three in existence.

Mr. Kennedy closes the unique volume with a few pages devoted to his own personal experiences in the winter of 1819. He tells us that his business called him to Carolina, whither he journeyed alone, on horseback, with his baggage strapped behind his saddle. He passed through the district known as Ninety-six, and observed that the few inhabitants of the region were principally the tenants of the bounty lands which the state of South Carolina had conferred upon the soldiers of the Revolu-

tion, and their settlements were separated from each other by extensive forests. The sun was setting one afternoon as he was traversing one of these oceans of wood, and having seen no living being for three or four hours, he was gratified when a lad not more than ten years of age, mounted bareback on a fine horse, suddenly came into the road a few paces ahead, and galloped along in the same direction he was going. Quickening his speed to overtake the boy, he soon discovered the horse was running away with him, and presently found the little fellow lying senseless beside the road. Dismounting to render assistance, he met the father of the lad, who came from a dwelling near by, and in trying to carry the lad to the house, they found his collar-bone broken. There was no physician within thirty miles, and the gentleman called an older son, and dispatched him for Horse Shoe Robinson!

The author was in comfortable quarters for the night, and was much interested when, an hour later, Horse Shoe Robinson arrived. He says: "Never before have I seen such a figure of a man! He was then some years beyond seventy, and time seemed to have broken its billows over his front only as an ocean dashes against a rock. He administered to the boy with ready skill, prepared a warm embrocation, worked at the dislocated joint, and soon set all to rights. So much so that when the physician, who had also been sent for, arrived, he had nothing to do. Horse Shoe and myself sat by the fire until near daylight. He was a man of truth—every expression of his face showed it. He was modest besides, and attached no value to his exploits. I wormed the story out of him, and made a night of it, in which not even my previous fatigue inclined me to sleep. The reader will thus see how I came into possession of much of this narrative."

Mr. Kennedy has taken us into his confidence in the most felicitous manner. And he tells how, some years afterwards, during his rambles in Virginia, he learned that Arthur Butler and Mildred returned to the Dove Cote subsequently to the victory at King's mountain, and lived long enough after the war to see grow up around them a prosperous and estimable family. Mary Musgrove went home with Mildred to the Dove Cote, and lived there to the end of her days.

"Another item of intelligence," says Mr. Kennedy, "to be found in the history of the war may have some reference to our tale. In the summer of 1781 Colonel Butler was engaged in the pursuit of Cornwallis on his retreat from Albemarle towards Williamsburg. My inquiries do not enable me to say with certainty, but it was probably our friend Arthur Butler who had met this promotion."

EMANUEL SPENCER

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE

In the northeast corner of Massachusetts, where the Merrimac widens in its flow to the ocean, a group of interesting incidents are associated with pioneer experiences.

It was the scene of a tragedy perpetrated by the Indians in 1697. The home of Hannah Dustin still stands, from which she was carried away by a band of native savages, who first rifled the house before burning it, and afterwards, on the journey, murdered the baby only a week old. It was a cruel moment for Thomas Dustin, who was left to guard his family of eight motherless children, and to make choice of which he should leave behind or which take to the harborage of a fort a mile away. Fatherly tenderness forbade that he should forsake the sickly one, and fatherly pride claimed the stout and healthy, while the youngest appealed to his mercy, so all were encouraged by the father's stout heart until the garrison was reached. Afterwards the group was rejoined by the wife and mother, who, with heroic frenzy, had killed all but one of the family of twelve persons, men, women, and children, to whom she had been assigned as captive, and thus escaped their cruel intentions. The heroism of Hannah Dustin recalls the often-quoted lines:

"On dead men's bones, as stepping stones,
Men rise to what they are."

Leaving the hills, and coming to the shores of the Merrimac, a drive-road becomes suddenly visible. It leads through a grove of time-honored willows, at the end of which is a heavy piece of engineering. Here is the hardest working river in the United States, or in the world. Lowell, Lawrence, and, indeed, all the manufacturing towns along its course, are sustained by it, and it carries more spindles than any other body of water.

Not far distant is the town of Haverhill, which abounds in historic memories. One large building was once the headquarters of Washington, and it was a pretentious structure for those times, the principal tavern of the town. Up the hill there stands a noble, capacious school-building, where once lived the parents of Harriet Newell, the young woman who became the first American missionary, because her heart yearned to impart to those less favored the privileges she possessed and the education she had acquired. In company with her youthful husband, and Mr. and Mrs.

Judson, she went to India to devote her life to the enthusiasm of duty, and in one short year she died, a victim of the climate.

Following along the same highway as mentioned in "Snowbound," to the outskirts of the town, the sweet-scented air, the skirmishing of the joyous meadow-larks, and the exceeding peacefulness which broods everywhere, make us aware of the fact that we are not far distant from the region where the peace-loving spirit of the poet was cradled and nurtured. On a bright summer day, Kenoza lake, which Whittier himself named, shines like an opal in emerald setting, as it reflects back the glory of a summer sky. The poet thus speaks of it :

"Kenoza, o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break, or noon cloud sail,
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Thy peace rebukes our feverish stir,
Thy beauty, our deforming strife ;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life."

The hills surrounding the lake present a most beautiful outlook, through which the "bare-footed boy" sent his longing vision for an intimacy with the world that lay behind the mountain-encircled horizon. The Merrimac, which has its source in Lake Winnipiseogee, "the smile of the great spirit," flows dispassionately to the ocean. The ocean itself, a blue haze in the landscape, the high mountain peak of Monadnock in New Hampshire, and the old Agamenticus in Maine, point to regions far and far away.

From Kenoza to the humble homestead of Whittier, the road winds through woods of maple and birch, and over streams where the pond-lily serenely floats, until a fork in the road brings to view the quiet nestling place of the old brown house. The roads and the foaming brook are unchanged, but the wooden bridge and the homestead are going to a sure decay. But the poet's secret, that the infancy, youth, and old age of a poet are one in quality, and immortal in kind, is strongly borne in upon one when standing upon this sacred spot.

J. G. Tyler

ELEMENTS OF SEA POWER

The tendency to trade, involving of necessity the production of something to trade with, is the national characteristic most important to the development of sea power. It is not likely that the dangers of the sea, or any aversion to it, will deter a people from seeking wealth by the paths of ocean commerce. Where wealth is sought by other means, it may be found; but it will not necessarily lead to sea power. France has a fine country, an industrious people, an admirable position. The French navy has known periods of great glory, and in its lowest estate has never dishonored the military reputation so dear to the nation. Yet, as a maritime state, securely resting upon a broad basis of sea commerce, France, as compared with other historical sea-peoples, has never held more than a respectable position. The chief reason for this, so far as national character goes, is the way in which wealth is sought. As Spain and Portugal sought it by digging gold out of the ground, the temper of the French people leads them to seek it by thrift, economy, hoarding. It is said to be harder to keep than to make a fortune. But the adventurous temper, which risks what it has, to gain more, has much in common with the adventurous spirit that conquers worlds for commerce. The tendency to save and put aside, to venture timidly, and on a small scale, may lead to a general diffusion of wealth on a like small scale, but not to the risks and development of external trade and shipping interests. As regards the stability of a man's personal fortune, this kind of prudence is doubtless wise; but when excessive prudence, or financial timidity, becomes a national trait, it must tend to hamper the expansion of commerce and of the nation's shipping.

The noble classes of Europe inherited from the middle ages a supercilious contempt for peaceful trade, which has exercised a modifying influence upon its growth, according to the national character of different countries. The pride of the Spaniards fell easily in with this spirit of contempt, and co-operated with that disastrous unwillingness to work and wait for wealth which turned them away from commerce. In France, the vanity which is conceded, even by Frenchmen, to be a national trait, led in the same direction. The numbers and brilliancy of the nobility, and the consideration enjoyed by them, set a seal of inferiority upon an occupation which they despised. Rich merchants and manufacturers sighed for the honors of nobility, and upon obtaining them, abandoned their

lucrative professions. Therefore, while the industry of the people and the fruitfulness of the soil saved commerce from total decay, it was pursued under a sense of humiliation, which caused its best representatives to escape from it as soon as they could.

In Holland there was a nobility; but the state was republican by name, allowed large scope to personal freedom and enterprise, and the centres of power were in the great cities. The foundation of the national greatness was money—or rather wealth. Wealth, as a source of civic distinction, carried with it also power in the state; and with power there went social position and consideration. In England the same result obtained. The nobility were proud; but in a representative government the power of wealth could be neither put down nor overshadowed. It was patent to the eyes of all, it was honored by all, and in England as well as Holland, the occupations which were the source of wealth shared in the honor given to wealth itself. Thus, in all the countries named, social sentiment, the outcome of national characteristics, had a marked influence upon the national attitude toward trade.

In yet another way does the national genius affect the growth of sea power in its broadest sense, and that is in so far as it possesses the capacity for planting healthy colonies. Of colonization, as of all other growths, it is most healthy when it is most natural. Colonies that spring from the felt wants and natural impulses of the whole people, will have the most solid foundations; and their subsequent growth will be surest when they are least trammelled from home, if the people have the genius for independent action. The fact of England's unique and wonderful success as a colonizing nation is too evident to be dwelt upon, and the reason for it appears to lie chiefly in two traits of the national character. The English colonist naturally and readily settles down in his new country, identifies his interest with it, and, though keeping an affectionate remembrance of the home from which he came, has no restless eagerness to return. In the second place, the Englishman at once and instinctively seeks to develop the resources of the new country in the broadest sense. In the former particular he differs from the French, who are ever longingly looking back to the delights of their pleasant land; in the latter, from the Spaniards, whose range of interest and ambition was too narrow for the full evolution of the possibilities of a new country.

The character and the necessities of the Dutch led them naturally to plant colonies, and by the year 1650 they had in the East Indies, in Africa, and in America a large number. They were then far ahead of England in this matter.—CAPTAIN MAHAN'S *Influence of Sea Power upon History*.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS IN EUROPE

HIS DINNER WITH THE POETS

Henry Cabot Lodge in his essay on Gouverneur Morris, included in his recently published volume of *Historical and Political Essays*, furnishes many interesting anecdotes of this American statesman of the Revolutionary period, who was also a wit, a philosopher, a financier, and a man of the world and of society—a many-sided and picturesque character. It should be remembered that Morris was a member of the provincial congress of New York, that he took a leading part in framing the state constitution and even then, in the time of war, strove to insert a clause abolishing slavery, that he served faithfully on the council of safety, was active and efficient in sustaining the continental army and its officers, was elected in 1778 to the continental congress although only twenty-six years of age, was made the assistant of Robert Morris in managing the disordered finances of the new republic, and was conspicuous among the framers of the national Constitution. During his subsequent mission to France, where he arrived in the winter of 1789, he recorded daily his observations on public and private affairs, and in the language of Mr. Lodge, "there is no other journal, diary, or correspondence of that period, left by any of our public men, which at all compares with this in its amusing, light, and humorous touch." The following extract was written by Morris while in Paris, and is among the few selections of Mr. Sparks quoted by Mr. Lodge:—

"March 3 (1789) Monsieur le Comte de Neuni does me the honor of a visit, and detains me until three o'clock. I then set off in great haste to dine with the Comtesse de B. on an invitation of a week's standing. Arrive at about a quarter past three and find in the drawing-room some dirty linen and no fire. While a waiting-woman takes away one, a valet lights the other. Three small sticks in a deep bed of ashes give no great expectation of heat. By the smoke, however, all doubts are removed respecting the existence of fire. To expel the smoke a window is opened, and the day being cold I have the benefit of as fresh air as can reasonably be expected in so large a city.

Toward four o'clock the guests begin to assemble, and I begin to expect that, as madame is a poetess, I shall have the honor to dine with

that exalted part of the species who devote themselves to the Muses. In effect, the gentlemen begin to compliment their respective works, and as regular hours cannot be expected in a house where the mistress is occupied more with the intellectual than the material world, I have a delightful prospect of a continuance of the scene. Toward five (o'clock) madame steps in to announce dinner, and the hungry poets advance to the charge. As they bring good appetites they have certainly reason to praise the feast, and I console myself in the persuasion that for this day, at least, I shall escape an indigestion. A very narrow escape, too, for some rancid butter of which the cook has been liberal puts me in bodily fear. If the repast is not abundant, we have at least the consolation that there is no lack of conversation. Not being perfectly master of the language, most of the jests escape me. As for the rest of the company, each being employed either in saying a good thing or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbor. They all agree that we live in an age alike deficient in justice and in taste. Each finds in the fate of his own works numerous instances to justify this assertion. They tell me, to my great surprise, that the public now condemn theatrical compositions before they have heard the first recital. And to remove my doubts the countess is so kind as to assure me that this rash decision has been made on one of her own pieces. In pitying modern degeneracy we rise from the table."

Mr. Lodge remarks: "In the words *to my great surprise* we catch the peculiar vein of American humor which delights in a solemn appearance of ignorant and innocent belief in some preposterous assertion. It is close kin to the broader form exemplified by Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam, which the *Saturday Review* declared was a ridiculous affectation of sentiment."

Of Gouverneur Morris in London Mr. Lodge says: "He was requested to go to England as a secret agent of our government, and endeavor to reopen diplomatic relations and settle various outstanding and threatening differences with that country. To London he accordingly went in February, 1790, and there he spent seven or eight months in fruitless conversations with the Duke of Leeds and Mr. Pitt about western ports, the fulfillment of treaties, the compensation for negroes, British debts, and imprisonment. On the last subject he said, with a concise wit which ought to have made the saying more famous than it is: 'I believe, my lord, that this is the only instance in which we are treated as aliens.'

Whether this keen-edged remark penetrated the heavy mind of the noble duke to whom it was addressed does not appear; at all events, the

mission was a failure. English ministers, with that sagacity which has characterized them in dealing with the United States, were determined to injure us so far as they could, and to make us enemies instead of friends, if it were possible to do so; a policy which has borne lasting fruit, and which England does not now delight in quite so much as of yore.

It is pretty obvious that Mr. Morris was not to their taste, despite his wit and good manners. He was a man of perfect courage and patriotism, and could be neither bullied nor cajoled. His brother, Staats Long Morris, was a general in the British army and the husband of the Duchess of Gordon, a fact which implied respectability to the English mind, and made it difficult for them to snub a person who, according to their notions, was so well connected. Worst of all, he was a man of great ability and wide information, intellectually superior to any minister he met, except Mr. Pitt, and therefore he was an awkward person to trample on. Stories were set afloat to injure him, and were so far successful that they gave him much trouble at home. He was charged with consorting with Fox and the opposition, which was not true, and with revealing his purpose to Luzerne, the French minister, which was true, and sprang from Mr. Morris's sentiment of gratitude to France, ill-rewarded, and in great measure cured by Luzerne's betrayal of his confidence.

Morris found time, however, in the midst of his vain efforts, to observe his English friends, and note the ludicrous side of the characters of the various distinguished personages he met. He wrote to Washington, September 18, 1790, about Pitt, as follows: 'Observe that he is rather the queen's man than the king's, and that since his majesty's illness she has been of great consequence. This depends in part on a medical reason. To prevent the relapse of persons who have been mad, they must be kept in constant awe of somebody, and it is said that the physician of the king gave the matter in charge to his royal consort, who performs that, like every other part of conjugal duty, with singular zeal and perseverance.'"

Mr. Lodge says that fruitless wranglings and disobliging treatment in England tired Morris sadly, although they could not disturb his good humor, and that he welcomed the hour when he was at liberty to return to France. He made a brief tour through Germany, and in November reached Paris again, where he soon saw that things were going to pieces rapidly. He told Lafayette that "an American constitution would not do for that country; that every country must have a constitution suited to its circumstances, and the state of France required a higher-toned government than that of England." Mr. Lodge says: "All this was very true but very unpalatable, especially to Lafayette, and the result was that he

became rather cool to his frank adviser. Yet the old friendship really remained as warm as ever, and when Lafayette became a prisoner no one worked harder for his liberation than Mr. Morris.

Although the tremendous events in the midst of which he was plunged absorbed his thoughts, we still get here and there glimpses of the gay society in which he found himself, and which was soon to be extinguished in the dark torrent of the revolution.

January 19, 1791, Morris wrote: 'Visit Madame de Chastellux, and go with her to dine with the Duchess of Orleans. Her royal highness is ruined; that is, she is reduced from four hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand livres per annum. She tells me that she cannot give any good dinners; but if I will come and fast with her she will be glad to see me.'

January 25. Morris dined with Madame de Staël, and heard the Abbé Sieyès 'descant with much self-sufficiency on government.' Four days later he went out to Choisy with Madame de Chastellux, and dined with Marmontel, who seemed to his guest 'to think soundly,' a compliment paid by Mr. Morris to but few of his French friends. There is something very striking and most interesting in these little pictures of daily existence, which went on much as usual, although the roar of revolution was sounding in men's ears. Philosophers speculated and fine ladies jested, even if the world was in convulsion; and so they continued to do until it was all drowned in the Terror, from which arose, after brief interval, another society, as light-hearted and brilliant, if not as well born, as its predecessor.

We can mark, however, the tremendous changes in progress around him in the extracts from the diary. The social pictures grow fewer, the tone is graver, there are more interviews with statesmen and fewer chats with ladies of rank, while the reflections concern the welfare of state and nation rather than the foibles or graces of men and women. April 4th came the funeral of Mirabeau, with some observations in the diary which are eloquent and striking; and there were other and still weightier matters then pressing upon his mind. August 26 he noted in his diary: 'Dine with Madame de Staël, who requests me to show her the *mémoire* I have prepared for the king.' The next day he wrote: 'Dine with M. de Montmorin. After dinner retire into his closet and read to him the plan I have prepared of a discourse for the king. He is startled at it; says it is too forcible; that the temper of the people will not bear it.' Mr. Morris's talents and the force of his arguments on the state of public affairs had attracted general attention, and in their agony of doubt court and ministry turned to him for aid. The result was the draft for a royal speech, which the king liked, but was prevented by his ministers from using; a *mémoire*

on the state of France, notes for a constitution, and some other similar papers which are given by Mr. Sparks. These documents are very able and bold. Whether Mr. Morris's policy, if pursued, would have had any effect may well be doubted, but there can be no question that it was the sanest, most vigorous, and best defined of the multitude offered to poor, hesitating Louis, and its adoption could certainly have done no harm. In the midst of these disinterested and somewhat perilous pursuits, we find him writing to Robert Morris (October 10, 1791), and describing a scene at the theatre when the people cheered the king and the queen.

'Now, my dear friend,' he adds, 'this is the very same people who, when the king was brought back from his excursion, whipped a democratical duchess of my acquaintance because they heard only the last part of what she said, which was, *Il ne faut pas dire, vive le Roi*. She had the good sense to desire the gentleman who was with her to leave her. Whipping is, you know, an operation which a lady would rather undergo among strangers than before her acquaintances.'

Mr. Morris's sympathy for the king and queen led him further than he anticipated. Indeed, his attitude as an adviser of the ministry caused outbreaks against him on the part of the opposition. De Warville said in his newspaper that Morris, on one of his periodical visits to England upon business, was sent to thwart Talleyrand, an accusation which Mr. Morris met with a public denial. His doings, however, were not fortunate, in view of the responsibility about to be placed upon him; for while he was away on this very visit to England, in the early months of 1792, he received the news of his appointment as minister to France.

Morris was not without enemies. At home, his contempt and dislike for the methods of the French revolution were only too well known, and his confirmation was strongly opposed in the senate. His good friend, the president, with much delicacy explained to him the ground of the opposition, and in this way pointed out to Morris the failings which threatened his success. 'The idea of your political adversaries,' Washington said, 'is that the promptitude with which your lively and brilliant imagination displays itself allows too little time for deliberation and correction, and is the primary cause of those sallies which too often offend, and of that ridicule of character which begets enmity not easy to be forgotten, but which might easily be avoided if it were under the control of more caution and prudence.' If it had been known in America just how deeply Mr. Morris had plunged into French politics, it may be doubted whether Washington even would have nominated him as a minister. As it turned out, no better choice could have been made, yet at the moment Mr. Morris was involved

in affairs which no foreign minister ought even to have known. He probably felt that his efforts to save order and government by means of the monarchy were hopeless, but they had drawn him on into the much more dangerous path of personal sympathy for the king and queen, and thence into attempts to at least preserve their lives. The king was unable to adopt Mr. Morris's views in his public utterances, but on his advice confided in M. de Monciel, one of his ministers, and this gentleman and Mr. Morris arranged an elaborate yet practicable scheme for the escape of the royal family. After a short time, the king sent Mr. Morris five hundred and forty-seven thousand livres to carry out the plan, and wished also to make him the depositary of his papers. Mr. Morris accepted the first trust and declined the latter. The large sum of money seems to indicate the king's preference for the plan of Morris, in whom he had great confidence, yet there were half a dozen other schemes on foot at the same time. De Mólleville had one; Mr. Crawford, sent over by the British government, had another; Marie Antoinette's Swedish friend, Count Fersen, had a third; and there were probably many more. One plan interfered with another. That of Morris and Monciel was ripe for execution, and still the king doubted and delayed. While he was hesitating, the 10th of August came, the Swiss Guard was massacred, and all was over."

COUNT JULES DIODATI

Editor Magazine of American History:

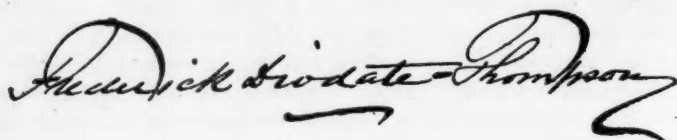
Count Jules Diodati, whose engraved portrait appears on the opposite page of this issue of the *Magazine of American History*, was a distinguished member of the Diodati family of Italy, descendants of Cornelio of that name, who removed from Coreglia to Lucca in 1300, where they held high position among the nobility of the latter city. During the middle ages they occupied many important offices, both military and civil, not only in Italy but in Spain, Austria, France, and Switzerland. Count Jules Diodati figured conspicuously in the Thirty Years' war in the service of the Emperor Ferdinand II., under the famous Wallenstein. His brother Giovanni also attained distinction as Grand Prior of the Templars in Venice.

The family of Diodati has become extinct in several branches, and is now represented only in Geneva by Count Gabriel Diodati and his brother Count Aloys, and in America in the female line.

The title of count has been confirmed to all descendants by patents in Italy, France, and the Holy Roman Empire.

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Frederick Diodati-Thompson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial 'F' and a long, sweeping underline.



COMTE JULES DIODATI GENERAL.



THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[Continued from page 486]

CALIFORNIA

August. The *George Washington*, the first river steamer in California, begins regular trips on the Sacramento, followed before the end of the year by several other boats.

August 1. Election in San Francisco; board of twelve councilmen created, with John W. Geary as president, the Spanish forms being retained.

September. A popular convention resolves to exclude negro slavery from the territory, and adopts a constitution.

December 31. Estimated gold product for the year, \$40,000,000.

William McKendree Gwin and John Charles Frémont elected United States senators.

1850. Population by seventh census, 92,597. The great year of land speculation at San Francisco, and of mining claims in the gold fields.

May 1. The American form of government established in San Francisco, with Mr. Geary as mayor. Spanish alcaldes everywhere superseded by justices of the peace, after the American custom.

September 9. California admitted as a State by act of congress.

A ruinous commercial panic results from an over supply of goods from the east.

Beginning of the Chinese immigration. Gold product for the year, \$50,000,000.

1850, October. Cholera epidemic in Sacramento and elsewhere.

1851-1852. John McDougall, governor.

1851. Santa Clara college opened (Roman Catholic).

1851, June 9. First vigilance committee organized.

1852-1856. John Bigler, governor.

1852. Mare island purchased for a navy yard for \$50,000.

July 3. A United States mint established in San Francisco by act of congress.

1853, March 3. Public lands admitted to settlement under United States law, a commission having adjudicated Spanish grants in a generally satisfactory manner.

California Academy of Sciences founded by James Lick.

Gold product for the year, \$65,000,000 (the greatest yield for any single year).

1854. University of the Pacific (Methodist Episcopal) opened at College park.

1855. College of St. Ignatius (Roman Catholic) opened at San Francisco.

1856-1858. J. Neely Johnson, governor.

1856. Beginning of the Sacramento valley railroad.

May 19. Execution of Casey and Cora, two desperadoes, in San Francisco, by the vigilance committee.

August 21. Vigilance committee disbands after having executed four notorious criminals, and banished some eight hundred malefactors.

1858-1860. John B. Weller, governor.

1858. The overland mail begins its trips across the continent.

1858-1862. Beginning of the wine-growing industry.

1860-1862. John G. Downey, governor.

1860. Population by United States census, 379,994.

Milton S. Latham, governor.

The "pony express" begins its trips.

Southern sympathizers, led by Senator Gwin, endeavor, without much success, to create a disunion sentiment.

Hesperian college opened at Woodland.

1861. California declares in favor of the Union in spite of well-laid plans to enlist her on the southern side.

Pacific Methodist college opened at Santa Rosa.

February 22. Great Union meeting in San Francisco.

May 17. The legislature formally pledges the support of the state to the national government.

June 28. Central Pacific Railroad Company organized; Leland Stanford, president.

October. Completion of the transcontinental telegraph line, and discontinuance of the pony express.

1862-1863. Leland Stanford, governor. Arrest and imprisonment of Senator Gwin for disloyalty.

1863-1867. Frederick F. Low, governor.

1864, February. Northern California railway opened.

April 15. News received of Lincoln's assassination. Several secession newspaper offices sacked in San Francisco.

1861-1865. Men furnished for military service of the United States in the civil war, 15,725. They were mainly employed as home guards to repress Indian outbreaks.

1867-1871. Henry H. Haight, governor.

1867. St. Vincent's college (Roman Catholic) founded at Los Angeles, and the college of St. Augustine (Protestant Episcopal) at Benicia.

1868. Foundation of the University of California, endowment \$7,000,000.

1869, April 28. Completion of the first transcontinental railway—the Central Pacific.

1870. Population by United States census, 560,247.

Napa college founded at Napa City. January 1. San Francisco and North Pacific railroad opened.

October 12. Southern Pacific Railroad Company formed by consolidation of existing lines, aggregating in 1892 nearly five thousand miles.

1871-1875. Newton Booth, governor.

1874. California college (Baptist) opened at Oakland.

1875-1880. William Irwin, governor.

1875. Romaldo Pacheco, governor. Mongolians excluded from naturalization rights.

1876. Pacific Coast railway opened.

September 21. First "sand lot" meeting, organized by Dennis Kearney, of a communistic labor party; threatening labor agitations followed.

October 1. Death of James Lick, millionaire, leaving large bequests for public works, including the astronomical observatory at Mt. Hamilton.

1877, May 15. Northern Pacific Coast railway opened.

1878, September 28. State constitutional convention meets (session lasted one hundred and fifty-six working days).

1879. San Joaquin valley college opened at Woodbridge.

1880-1883. George C. Perkins governor.

1880. Population by United States census, 864,694.

Foundation of the University of Southern California (Methodist Episcopal) at San Bernardino.

May 30. First observation of Memorial day.

August 23. Sonoma valley railway opened.

Opening of the Hotel del Monte at Monterey.

1881, April 18. Carson and Colorado railroad opened.

November 15. Bodie and Benton railway opened.

1882, January 2. California southern railway opened (finished 1885).

1883-1887. George Stoneman, governor.

1885. Belmont school founded.

1887-1891. R. W. Waterman, governor.

1887. Washington Bartlett, governor. San Pedro, Los Angeles and Utah railway begun.

1888. Cogswell Polytechnic college opens at San Francisco.

1890. Population by United States census, 1,208,130.

1891-1895. H. H. Markham, governor.

1891. Gold product for the year, \$33,175,000; silver, \$75,416,565.

"Leland Stanford, Junior," university founded at Palo Alto, by Leland Stanford, as a memorial to his son; endowment of several million dollars.

Passage of a secret ballot law by the legislature, also an act to prohibit Chinese immigration.

1892. Restoration of "Sutter's Fort" at Sacramento, under the "Native Sons" Societies, almost exactly as it was in 1848.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(To be continued)

MINOR TOPICS

THE OLDEST BELL IN CANADA

The Montreal *Herald* records an interesting antiquarian find on the part of Mr. Henry J. Morgan of this city, in the shape of an old church bell belonging to the Anglican congregation at St. Andrews in the Ottawa valley. The bell in question, as the figures on its face denote, was cast in the year 1759, which was also, as may be remembered, the year of the conquest of Canada. It was brought to this country by Sir John Johnson, who formerly owned the seigniory of Argenteuil and resided, during a portion of each year, at the old manor house at St. Andrews, the ruins of which may still be seen near the confluence of the Ottawa and North rivers. Sir John, like his distinguished father, General Sir William Johnson, who gained the battle of Crown Point and Niagara, for which services he was created a baronet and received a grant of money, held the office of superintendent-general of Indian affairs for North America. He died in 1830. His eldest son, a colonel in the army and an "Ottawa boy" by birth, married a sister of Sir William de Lancey, Wellington's favorite general, who fell at Waterloo. Upon his death the widow married Sir Hudson Lowe, who held Napoleon in captivity at St. Helena. The old bell found by Mr. Morgan turns out to be the oldest Protestant church bell in existence within the Dominion, the next oldest being the one formerly belonging to the private chapel of another old seignior, Hon. James Cuthbert, at Berthier, which was cast in 1774. The congregation of Christ church, St. Andrews, whom the old bell with all its historical associations clinging to it summons regularly to their religious duties every Sabbath, may well be proud of so interesting a relic.—*Ottawa Evening Journal*.

GENERAL SUMTER OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Thomas Sumter was born in Virginia in 1734, but he removed early to South Carolina, and lived there until his death in 1832, when he was ninety-eight years of age, and the last surviving general of the Revolution. A volunteer soldier in the French and Indian war, he was present at the memorable defeat of Braddock. In March, 1776, we find him lieutenant-colonel of the second regiment of South Carolina riflemen. After the capture of Charleston by the British, in 1780, he takes refuge in the swamps of the Santee. Rising to the rank of brigadier-general, he becomes foremost among the active and influential leaders of the South. Follow him in his gallant career. This same year he defeats a British detachment on the

Catawba; and although surprised and routed at Fishing creek, August 18, he collects another corps, and November 12 defeats the bold Colonel Wemyss, who had attacked his camp near Broad river. After a few days General Tarleton, a British officer, attempts to surprise him while encamped on the Tiger river, but is driven back with a severe loss of men. We find Sumter, though wounded in the attack, soon again in the field. In March of the next year, 1781, he raises three new regiments, and, coöperating with the brave Marion, Pickens, and others, he harasses the enemy along their posts scattered amid valleys and swamps. For his heroic services congress, in January, 1781, passed a vote of thanks to him and his men. When the American government was established, General Sumter, from 1789 to 1793, was a representative in congress; from 1801 to 1809 a United States senator; and in 1809 he was appointed minister to Brazil, where he continued for two years. In 1811, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years, he closed his long term of honorable and eventful services.—DR. MUZZEY'S *Prime Movers of the Revolution*.

INDIAN MEDALS

Many years ago a silver medal was found in the town of Manlius, New York, of which a slightly incorrect account will be found in the second volume of Clark's *Onondaga*. It is about the size of a dollar, and has a loop at the top for suspension. The name of Montreal, in capitals, appears above the representation of a fortified town, over which flies the British flag, and the initials "D. C. F." are in a cartouche at the bottom. The other side was made plain, but Clark said that on it "are engraved the words CANECYA, Onondagoes." His error is in this. The word *Caneiya* appears in script, and the word Onondagos is in capitals below this. The medal now belongs to L. W. Ledyard, of Cazenovia, New York, who kindly allowed me to draw it.

In the *Medaillier du Canada*, published in Montreal in 1888, is a figure and description of another of these medals. In the description it reads, "Rev.: Plain, in order to write the name of the Indian chief to whom the medal was awarded." Mr. McLachlan, of Montreal, has described several of these. One belonging to him has the word Onondagos across the centre, with the word Tekahonwaghse, in script, at the top. The nearest approach to this name which I find among the Onondagas is Takanaghkwaghse, one of the signers of the treaty of 1788, and he may have been Tagonaghquaghse, appointed chief warrior in 1770. This would make it a medal of the Revolution, but Mr. McLachlan thinks it commemorated the taking of Montreal by the English. I prefer the later date; and, in doing so, would identify Caneiya with Kaneyaagh, another prominent Onondaga of 1788.

Of another medal of the same design, Mr. McLachlan says: "The inscription on the reverse is 'Mohicrans' in the field, and 'Tankalker' at the top; metal,

pewter." He sent me accounts of some others. One had Mohawks in the field, surmounted by *Arantes*, in script. He knew of another in New York, and thought it was of silver, bearing the name of Onondagos.

The Albany *Argus*, September 27, 1875, described another of these silver medals, found at Ballston. It had the same design on the obverse, with Mohicans, in capitals, on the reverse, and "Son Gose," in script.

I have seen one larger silver medal of the reign of George II., but without inscription. The style is bold, and it has on one side the British coat of arms; on the other, the king's head. This seems the one of 1753.

The smaller bronze medals of the first two Georges are of less interest, from having no personal character. The king's head is on one side, and an Indian aiming at a deer on the other.

Mr. McLachlan's idea is that these medals were issued at the taking of Montreal in 1759, or rather in commemoration of it. I need not go over his argument, though not convinced by it. His own medal has, scratched across the lower part, these three lines: "Taken from an Indian | chief in the AMERICAN | WAR, 1761." There was no American war in that year, and I feel sure that the date should be 1781, which includes the period of the Revolutionary, then known as the American War. The fact that two of these medals bear the names of two prominent Onondagas of that time strengthens this belief, originally founded on the fact that Colonel Daniel Claus was then Indian agent at Montreal. W. M. BEAUCHAMP

THE FIRST IRON INDUSTRY IN AMERICA

The city of Lynn has recently been the recipient of a specimen of the first casting made in America, in 1642, an iron kettle of good form and weight, of the type used in colonial days. Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury, of Lynn, who secured the relic so closely associated with the early history of the town, gave in his presentation address an interesting account of the development of iron smelting in this country. Mr. John E. Hudson, a descendant of the original owner of the pioneer iron works at Lynn, where the kettle was made, formally presented it to the mayor of that city, who accepted it in a very graceful and appropriate speech. The addresses have been printed in a little monograph, which is well worth permanent preservation.

WASHINGTON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS OWN PERSON AND HEIGHT

IN 1763, WHEN THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE

Editor Magazine of American History:

I met with the enclosed article while traveling last summer, credited to the *Washington Post*. It will interest all your readers.

"The gentleman who brought forward the following communication had not only the original letter in his possession, but was also the owner of the 'measure,'

composed of stiff paper carefully sewed together and with the marks written upon it in the general's handwriting. It was sent to the tailor through Washington's agents, presumably 'Cary & Co., merchants.' It is noticeable for the same exactitude and precision as the more important matters which the general had connection with, and gives the absolute condition of his physique in that year.

'VIRGINIA, 26th April, 1763.—Mr. Lawrence: Be pleased to send me a genteele sute of cloaths, made of superfine broad cloth, handsomely chosen;—I should have enclosed you my measure, but, in a general way, they are so badly taken here, that I am convinced it would be of little service; I would have you, therefore, take measure of a gentleman who wears well-made cloaths of the following size, to wit: Six feet high and proportionably made; if anything, rather slender than thick for a person of that heighth, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill. I am, sir, your very obedient humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Note—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the inclosed, and you must observe, yt from ye coat end to No. 1, and No. 3, is ye size over ye breast and hips, No. 2 over ye belly and No. 4 round ye arm, and from ye breeches: To No. a is for waistband; b, thick of the thigh; c, upper button-hole; d, kneeband; e, for length of breeches.

Therefore, if you take measure of a person about 6 feet high of this bigness, I think you can't go amiss; you must take notice that the inclosed is the exact size, without allowing for seams, etc.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To Mr. Chas. Lawrence, London.'

As Washington was thirty-one in 1763, his height, as he states it—viz., six feet—is apparently at variance with the popular belief that he was six feet two inches, but it may be that some peculiarity, either of his length of limb or of his body, caused him to tell his tailor to measure a gentleman of only six feet, assured that by some slight difference on his part from other men, he may have exactly the corrected difference. He was so correct in all his directions that this seems the only elucidation of the discrepancy."

This shows conclusively by Washington's own testimony that he was only six feet high, not six feet two inches, as the historians would have us believe. The editorial comment in the last clause of the article is a good illustration of how an editor, or writer, will try to make facts bend to theory or prejudice, when they disprove the view he entertains. The idea that a sensible man like Washington would deliberately order from his tailor a suit of clothes two inches shorter than his own height is too ridiculous to believe.

The original of this letter should be framed and presented to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association for preservation in Washington's own house.

December 14, 1892

WESTCHESTER

NOTES

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY—In the *Starin Genealogy*, just issued, Mr. W. L. Stone says "the Dutch of the Mohawk Valley were distinguished for their good nature, love of home, and cordial hospitality. Fast young men, late hours, and fashionable dissipation were, in the olden time, unknown. There was, nevertheless, plenty of opportunity for healthful recreation. Holidays were abundant, each family having some of its own, such as birthdays, christenings, and marriage anniversaries. New Year's day was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door in the Mohawk Valley was thrown wide open, and a warm welcome extended to the stranger as well as the friend. It was considered a breach of established etiquette to omit any acquaintance in these annual calls, by which old friendships were renewed, family differences settled, and broken or neglected intimacies restored. This is one of the excellent customs of 'ye olden tyme' that has its origin, like many others, traced exclusively to the earliest Holland settlers of New York."

KING HENDRICK—If I rightly remember, in speaking of the name of Hendrick, the Mohawk chief, some time since, I did not mention the condolence of "Tianoga, alias Hendrick," and others who fell at the battle of Lake George, the condolence being held February 18, 1756. Each one was replaced by a French prisoner.

W. M. BEAUCHAMP.

BROADWAY IN 1892—Broadway, for so great a thoroughfare, gets its people to bed at night at a very proper season. It allows them a scant hour in which to eat their late suppers after the theatre, and then it grows rapidly and decorously quiet. The night watchmen turn out the lights in the big shops, and leave only as many burning as will serve to show the cases covered with linen, and the safe, defiantly conspicuous, in the rear; the cars begin to jog along more easily and at less frequent intervals; prowling night-hawks take the place of the smarter hansoms of the day, and the street-cleaners make drowsy attacks on the dirt and mud. There are no all-night restaurants to disturb the unbroken row of business fronts, and the footsteps of the patrolman, and the rattle of the locks as he tries the outer fastenings of the shops, echo sharply, and the voices of belated citizens bidding each other good-night as they separate at the street corners, have a strangely loud and hollow sound. By midnight the street is as quiet and desolate-looking as a summer resort in mid-winter, when the hotel and cottage windows are barred up, and the band-stand is covered an inch deep with snow. It is almost as deserted as Broadway is on any Sunday morning, when the boys who sell the morning papers are, apparently, the only New Yorkers awake.—Richard Harding Davis in *Great Streets of the World*.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. HARRISON—The *American Monthly* for November contains an interesting memorial of Mrs.

Harrison, the first president of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It announces the names of the national committee, who are to collect a fund for a portrait of Mrs. Harrison, to be hung in the White House. Otherwise the November might be called a "Dolly Madison number." There are several papers relating to her and the destruction of the public buildings in Washington in 1812, and two original engravings of Mrs. Madison. The first passage at arms in the Revolution, and other historical matters, receive attention.

QUERIES

TOM THUMB AND HAYDON—Will some reader of the *Magazine of American History* please explain to a dweller in the far west how Tom Thumb killed Haydon, the historical painter?

ABNER LINWOOD.

WABUSKA, NEVADA.

DID WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN SMOKE?—*Editor of Magazine*: Can

you or some of your readers inform me what were the views and practice of Washington and Franklin in regard to the smoking habit? I cannot find anything on the subject in any of the standard biographies, and I have a particular interest in being informed on that point.

HIRAM M. CHITTENDEN.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

REPLIES

THE CURTAIN IS THE PICTURE [xxviii. 394]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: The expression "The curtain is the picture," about which "Teacher" queries in the current number, doubtless refers to the alleged contest in skill between two celebrated Greek painters in the fifth century before Christ, thus described in Lempriere's dictionary: "When they had produced their respective pieces, the birds came to pick with the greatest avidity the grapes which Zeuxis had painted. Immediately Parrhasius exhibited his piece, and Zeuxis said: 'Remove your curtain, that we may see the painting.' The curtain was the painting, and Zeuxis acknowledged himself conquered, by exclaiming,

'Zeuxis has deceived the birds; but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis himself!'"

WILLIAM GILBERT DAVIES.

NEW YORK CITY.

BISHOP WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM [xxviii. 473]—Let your English correspondent, E. P. C., of Liverpool, address Miss M. H. Whittingham, No. 1108 Madison avenue, Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Whittingham is the librarian of the valuable Maryland Episcopal Library, which her father, the dear bishop, left to the Diocese of Maryland.

EDMUND M. BARTON.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF OHIO [xviii. 394, 473]—In the November issue of your magazine Mr. Amasa Oakley asks for some definite information from some antiquarian concerning the people who built the mounds of Ohio. While I am not an "antiquarian," and only claim to be interested in the study of the history and traditions of our American Indians, still I may be able to give Mr. Oakley the present judgment of leading students of ethnology. Mound building has been carried on by different tribes within the historic period, and the opinion is gaining ground with the best authorities of the day, that all the mounds in the United States were the work of tribes known to us, or their ancestors.

The Cherokees claim that the Grave Creek mounds of Ohio were built by their ancestors during their occupancy of that region. How long that may have been is not known, but, evidently, they had enjoyed peaceful possession of the country for a long period before the advent of the Lenni Lenape (Delawares). Mr. Hale thinks that the contest for the possession of that region between the Lenape and the Tsalake (Cherokees) must have lasted for a hundred years before the Cherokees were driven southward, which event he places in the ninth century. Professor Cyrus Thomas, judging from traditions and other data, places it in the eleventh or twelfth century. The evidence of the mounds and their contents would indicate that they were erected at different periods and by different people.

Mr. Walter K. Moorehead in his interesting account of his survey of Fort

Ancient, judging from the "Wigwam circles," and identity of pottery found in that locality with the pottery of the Mandans, together with their tradition of having at a remote period occupied the Ohio valley, suggests the possibility that the Mandans were the builders of that great fortification. While Professor Putnam of Peabody Institute in his careful study of the Great Serpent mound of Adams county finds evidence that it was a religious structure, and believes that the region has been occupied by various types of men from the glacial period down, he offers no opinion as to who or what particular tribe built the mound. As the plumed and crested rattlesnake entered largely into the mythology of nearly all the North American tribes, the serpent form can hardly be a reason for ascribing it to any special tribe.

In the skulls found in the mounds of the lower Mississippi valley are many resemblances to the Mexican, and it is claimed that there can be no doubt of the unity of the truncated pyramid of the same locality, with the Mexican teocalli. Professor Jones thinks the Natchez were the connecting link with the Nahuas. The late Mr. L. H. Morgan stated that the balance of evidence was in favor of a common origin of the different tribes of North America, which would account for similarity of ideas in many respects. I know of no evidence that would warrant the theory advanced by C. H. Gardiner in the December issue, that the Aztecs were the builders of the Ohio mounds. Mr. Holmes of the bureau of ethnography classifies the pottery of the mounds into three great

groups: the Upper, Middle, and Lower Mississippi. The pottery of the Upper Mississippi region belongs to a distinct family, and evidently the tribes who manufactured it have at different times occupied Manitoba, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. This ware is closely allied to that of the eastern and New England states. Mr. L. H. Morgan was of the opinion that the Mound-builders lived in communal houses, in some cases built upon mounds enclosing a court for games and other purposes, and that in most respects their life was very similar to that of the Indian tribes whom the white people first met here. The opinion of to-day among the leading ethnologists, is that they were in no way superior in art or modes of life to the historic tribes.

It is to be hoped that the efficient and able director of the bureau of ethnography, Major Powell, will with his capable staff of assistants prosecute their studies of the aborigines of America, and that they may find other clues which, in their skilled hands, will lead to a more thorough and accurate knowledge of these ancient people.

HARRIET PHILLIPS EATON

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS [xxviii. 394, 473]—Numerous articles have been published in this magazine from time to time on *The Mound-builders*, which will be of special interest to students and writers on the subject. Dr. Cyrus Thomas contributed an article of eleven pages to the May number, 1884, entitled *The Cherokees probably Mound-builders*. He also

described *Houses of the Mound-builders* in the preceding February number. General Thurston discussed *The Mound-builders in Tennessee* in the May number, 1888, and Dr. Thomas responded in July, 1888, under the title of, *The Mound-builders were Indians*, in which he brought many interesting facts to bear upon the mounds in Ohio. Still another valuable article from the same pen on the same theme, under the title of *Indian Tribes in Prehistoric Times*, appeared in the September number, 1888. We might point to many more learned treatises on the subject in this magazine, if space permitted. But if the student will run his eye over the index to each volume, he will find material worthy of his attention concerning the Mound-builders.

EDITOR

ERROR CORRECTED [xxviii. 389]—Under the California seal, second line, "dimensions, 770 miles northeast and southwest," should read *northwest and southeast*.

C. H. R.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

ERROR CORRECTED [xxviii. 87]—In speaking of one of the ladies of the revolutionary tea party, in Edenton, North Carolina, as Mrs. Mary Hoskins, the author should have said Mrs. Winifred Hoskins. The lady was the wife of Richard Hoskins, and was my great-grandmother. My grandmother was only seven years old at that time.

W. M. E. BOND

EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The stated meeting for December was held on the evening of the 6th instant, the Hon. John A. King presiding. The final paper of the Columbus series was read by Mr. Eugene Lawrence; his subject was "Columbus in Poetry." It was an exceptionally interesting study in a field hitherto unexplored in connection with the Columbian celebration, and a large and cultured audience listened with close attention to the orator in his admirable presentation of his theme.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, NORTH CAROLINA, has had three regular meetings during the present term. The meeting for October was a Columbus symposium. Dr. Stephen B. Weeks read a paper on "Columbus and the spirit of his age"; Prof. J. L. Armstrong read selections from Sidney Lanier's "Psalm to the West"; Mr. J. A. Baldwin presented a paper on the "Naming of America," and Mr. J. F. Shinn one on "The Fortunes and Fate of Columbus."

At the December meeting Mr. Shinn read an interesting paper on the "First discovery of gold in North Carolina in 1799." Dr. Weeks called attention to, and asked subscriptions for, the new confederate monument which is now to be erected in Raleigh to the memory of the North Carolina soldiers in the confederate army. He also made some remarks on the extent and character of the work of the confederate press, for a history of which he is collecting materials.

VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A meeting of the executive committee of this society was held November 1, at the Westmoreland club-house, Richmond, President William Wirt Henry in the chair. Gifts of a large number of books, manuscripts, etc., were reported. The following may be specially mentioned: A large mass of papers, bills, and documents relating to the Carter family of Virginia, covering the period from 1700 to 1800, of the highest interest in the information they afford of life in Virginia; a most valuable bequest from the late Cassius F. Lee of Alexandria, Virginia, consisting of books relating to the history of Virginia, the family Bible of Richard Henry Lee, letter books of William Lee and of Arthur Lee, many papers of the Ludwell and Lee families, and highly interesting autograph letters of the distinguished brothers, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, William and Arthur Lee.

Mr. Levin Joynes, Richmond, Virginia, was elected a regular member of the society.

Messrs. Tyler and Brock were appointed a committee to make arrangements for an annual meeting, and to secure historical papers to be read before the society.

THE ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its December meeting in the chamber of commerce, and was largely attended.

Mrs. J. M. Parker read an interesting and carefully prepared paper on "The Jesuit Relations;" and Mrs. Theodore

E. Hopkins read some "Reminiscences of the Rochester Female Seminary."

THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held a meeting on November 14. Valuable gifts were reported. The committee on Columbian celebration reported that the same had taken place, and was highly successful and gratifying. Mr. Upham, from the committee to obtain the papers of the late General Sibley, reported that his heirs promised them to the society, and that they stated "that there were seven barrels" of them. Mr. Wm. H. Grant addressed the society with much earnestness, declaring that the society must begin steps to secure a fire-proof building for its use. Other members seconded the proposition, and it was voted that the president appoint a committee to report a plan whereby such a building could be secured.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

At the meeting of this society on the evening of November 29, at the cabinet, in Providence, the Rev. William C. Langdon, D.D., lectured on the "Old Catholics of the Italian Revolution." He said, before directly treating of the "Old Catholics": "I wish to make clear the exact position which the Church held to the Italian government. The papacy was the complex of four factors—the bishopric of Rome, the temporal power of the pope, the spiritual supremacy, and fourthly, the Curia Romana, the complex machinery by which the papacy carried on its administration. We who are outside of Italy think more of the third of these factors, the spiritual supremacy, and starting our thinking

here, we are apt to think of Rome as the location where that power is exercised. Yet we speak of moving the papacy; an error, for the papacy, strictly speaking, cannot be moved. The primary thing is the bishopric of Rome. There is attributed to it a feeling of primacy over the nation in which the bishopric is located. We are next led to the step that when the Roman empire was broken up the bishopric of Rome should not become so attached to one of the fragments as to lose authority in the other parts. The Italians, as a rule, were not alienated from the bishopric of Rome. They were indifferent to the claim of spiritual supremacy outside of Italy, except as it was to them a matter of pride and national sentiment. While the Italians adhere to the bishopric of Rome, they are hostile to the temporal power. Italy cannot be a nation while the temporal power remains. All attempts to unify Italy came through aiming blows at the temporal power of the Church. The average Italian patriot is determined to blot out forever the temporal power, but is practically indifferent to the spiritual supremacy. The patriot party, including almost the entire mass of the people, take this position of loyalty to the bishopric, but are hostile to the temporal power. Practically the papacy is arrayed against the national movement. The patriot class is three-fold. One class rejects the Church bodily; another element, who do not give up their religion, are evolving a philosophical basis for religion outside of the Church. There is a third element, who adhere strictly to the Church but who are at the same time Nationalists."

THE HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF AMERICA held its first regular meeting of the winter season on the evening of December 15, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Lawton, 37 Fifth avenue. This meeting was to have taken the form of a reception to the president of the society, Hon. John Jay, but, owing to a severe illness, he was unable to be present. He sent a very interesting letter, however, which was read by the secretary, Mr. William Bayard Blackwell, to the assembled guests. The reception was from eight until nine o'clock, in the handsome drawing-rooms of Mrs. Lawton, when the party, numbering some seventy-five, adjourned to a spacious hall, where seats were provided for all, and the meeting was called to order by Vice-President Edward F. DeLancey, who introduced the speaker of the evening, Professor J. K. Rees, the celebrated astronomer, who is of Huguenot descent and a member of the society. His subject was "The Moon and Planets," illustrated with stereopticon views embracing the latest observations, and the appreciative audience applauded with genuine enthusiasm.

A pleasant feature of the reception was the exhibition by Mrs. Lawton of the portrait of her father, General Robert H. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, which she has presented to the alumni that General Anderson founded at West Point academy. Mrs. Anderson, who was unable to be present at the meeting of the society, of which she is a member, presented a dainty little badge, consisting of a marigold with the Huguenot knot, to every lady and gentleman who

graced the occasion. The membership of the Huguenot society represents the intellect as well as the best families of the metropolis and of the land, and its chief object at present is to collect data for an extensive biographical volume, that will show how largely the Huguenot element has contributed to the progress of this country in every line that is uplifting, good, and noble. The society has twelve vice-presidents, among whom are Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, and Richard L. Maury of Virginia; and the executive committee for 1892 includes R. Fulton Cutting, Frederick J. DePeyster, Rev. W. W. Atterbury, D.D., and William Cary Sanger. The meetings are held on the third Thursday of every month during the winter season.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (Los Angeles) held its annual meeting for the election of officers on the first Monday of December. The following-named members were elected a board of directors for the ensuing year: E. W. Jones, Rt. Rev. José Adam, J. M. Guinn, C. P. Dorland, Edwin Baxter, Miss Tessa L. Kelso, H. D. Barrows. At a meeting of the board of directors, held after the adjournment of the society, the following were elected officers of the society: Major E. W. Jones, president; Edwin Baxter, first vice-president; H. D. Barrows, second vice-president; J. M. Guinn, secretary and curator; C. P. Dorland, treasurer. The society holds regular meetings the first Monday evening of each month.

BOOK NOTICES

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY. 1660-1783. By CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N. Second edition. 8vo, pp. 557. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

The purpose of this well-written work is made very clear to the reader. It illustrates the effect of sea power upon the general history of Europe and America during a period of great importance. The determining influence of maritime strength upon great issues has apparently been overlooked heretofore, historical writers not generally being familiar with the sea, and possessing as little special interest as knowledge; while naval historians have confined themselves to their own field, as simple chroniclers, without investigating the mutual relation of events. Captain Mahan has therefore covered unoccupied ground in giving us a unique and informing volume; and writing as a naval officer in full sympathy with his profession, he has discussed questions of naval policy, strategy, and tactics, with great force. He has wisely avoided technical language as far as possible, thus unprofessional readers cannot fail to be interested. The work opens with a chapter on the elements of sea power, in which the development of colonies and colonial posts, the influence of colonies on sea power, the character and polity of the governments of England, France, and Holland, the weakness of the United States in sea power, and the dependence of commerce upon secure seaports, are among the themes most graphically discussed. The second chapter is chiefly historical, showing the state of Europe in 1660, describing the second Anglo-Dutch war, 1665-1667, and the sea-battles of Lowestoft and of the Four Days. This war was wholly maritime, and had the general characteristic of all such wars. The description of the justly celebrated Four Days' battle, in June, 1666, is one of the best we have ever seen. Accompanying maps add greatly to a proper understanding of the conflict.

The wars between 1672 and 1678 are also treated with discriminating fulness. The English Revolution and the war of the League of Augsburg form the fourth chapter, and the fifth is devoted to the war of the Spanish succession, 1702-1713. The author says in this connection, "Great as were the effects of the maritime supremacy of the two sea powers upon the general result of the war, and especially upon that undisputed empire of the seas which England held for a century after, the contest is marked by no one naval action of military interest. Once only did the great fleets meet, and then with results that were undecisive; after which the French

gave up the struggle at sea, confining themselves wholly to a commerce-destroying warfare. This feature of the war of the Spanish succession characterized nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, with the exception of the American revolutionary struggle. The overwhelming sea power of England was the determining factor in European history during the period mentioned, maintaining war abroad while keeping its own people in prosperity at home, and building up the great empire which is now seen; but from its very greatness its action, by escaping opposition, escapes attention." We turn with interest to the agitation in North America at the time of the French war, 1756-1763, when Dr. Franklin wrote: "There is no repose for our thirteen colonies so long as the French are masters of Canada." The long reach of England's sea power was also felt in the West Indies, in Portugal, and in the far east. Then came the American Revolution and the maritime wars consequent upon it, this volume closing with the signing of the definitive treaties of peace at Versailles, September 3, 1783. It is an instructive work of the highest value and interest to students and to the reading public, and should find its way into all the libraries and homes of the land.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. By CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N. 12mo, pp. 435. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1892.

No better name could have been selected to head the list of great commanders than that of David Glasgow Farragut, and probably no one could have been found better qualified to write his life than the accomplished naval officer now president of the United States Naval War college, already known to letters through the publication of several valuable works, which have secured him a permanent place among the authors of our time, notably "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," which it has been our pleasure to commend with enthusiasm in the preceding notice.

Farragut must ever occupy a unique position among great naval commanders. His sea service began early in the century, when babies were sent to sea as midshipmen. (What a pity it is, by the way, that some uneasy innovator has managed to have the historic grade of "middy" stricken from the rolls!) He learned his knots and splices behind the guns of the old sailing frigates, and before the end of his active life had commanded and encountered iron-clads in action. His professional career, therefore, bridged over the transition period from canvas to steam. And it is not easy to conceive how equally

romantic conditions can ever arise in the naval history of the future. That he was a military genius was abundantly proven by the readiness with which he met and solved the problems that were presented during the adventurous years of the civil war. How he successfully fought river and harbor forts with sea-going ships, and captured formidable ironclads largely with wooden ships, are tales that will long be told to successive generations of American patriots.

This volume introduces a series of biographical sketches under the editorship of General James Grant Wilson, which promises to be a valuable addition to the trustworthy romance of military history. The forthcoming volumes are not yet announced, but judging from this foretaste, they will worthily sustain the reputation alike of authors and publishers.

THE STORY OF MARY WASHINGTON.

By MARION HARLAND. 16mo, pp. 171.
Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1892.

Mrs. Terhune has made a book which is not only a reverent tribute to the memory of a remarkable woman of strong and beautiful character, one who as the mother of our first president is entitled to our intimate acquaintance and lasting esteem and affection, but she has given within its dainty covers an interesting picture of life in Virginia in the early part of the eighteenth century. Epping Forest, where Mary Washington was born in 1706, was the homestead of the family of Ball, which was one of dignified respectability in that region of country. Mrs. Terhune's descriptions of country-house life and pursuits in old Virginia are exceedingly realistic, and read like chronicles of English country life. We learn in these pages how Colonel Joseph Ball, Mary's father, constructed a gallery in the church known as White Chapel, when it was in process of erection in 1740, for his family pew. Stipulation was made that the pew should "be completed at the same time with the church, and finished in the same style with the west gallery." We read that "the Ball house was a square frame structure, plain in architecture, with a porch in front, and upper and lower porticos recessed by the half wings, in the rear. A grove of native trees surrounded it on all sides. We get our first mention of the baby-girl in a will executed by her father when she was between five and six years old."

Mrs. Terhune gives many welcome particulars in relation to Mary Washington's origin and breeding, with the purpose of correcting false impressions among superficial readers of American history. She has gathered extracts from some of Mary's early letters, but few of which, however, are known to exist, and has diligently sought for information about her in

innumerable directions. In her reference to the Washingtons, Mrs. Terhune does not allude to the recent researches of Henry F. Waters, A. M., which practically settle all doubts in relation to the exact line of ancestry of George Washington. The John and Lawrence Washington who came to America were sons of the royalist clergyman Lawrence Washington, who died before 1655. The wife of this clergyman died about the same time as her husband, and their children were thus left orphans. The eldest son, John, was about twenty-four in 1657, and Lawrence was twenty-two. Mr. Waters says: "Supposing them to have been young men of only ordinary enterprise and ambition, with the desire to get on in the world, what chance had they in England at that time, known as belonging to a royalist family, with all or most of their friends royalists like themselves, and Cromwell firmly seated in his protectorate?" Mrs. Terhune adds to her valuable narrative an account of the various attempts and failures to erect a suitable memorial to Mary Washington, and gives the history of a portrait which by some is believed to be that of the subject of the volume, although proofs are wanting. The book is one that will be cherished, and it may be added that no one who reads it can fail to have a much more vivid idea of the environment which gave to Washington some of his most characteristic traits; and it shows with clearness the highly organized state of society from which came the men who founded our republican government.

ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF. By

CHARLES F. HOLDER. 12mo, pp. 350.
New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1892.

A great many voyagers have gazed from passing steamers upon that low-lying line of islands that borders the swiftest part of the Gulf Stream from Cape Florida to the Tortugas, but very few comparatively have ever experienced the delight of exploring those wonderful channels in small boats, camping on the snow-white coral beaches, and studying the myriad forms of life that throng the air and water. Professor Holder was for several years engaged in scientific exploration of the Keys, and he has brought together his notes and reminiscences in a volume that should prove most attractive and instructive to young naturalists. Numerous illustrations, evidently drawn from the life, add interest to the pages and afford a taste of the pleasures and dangers that await explorers along this remarkable coast. Here alone within the territory of the United States "live" coral is found growing under the tentacles of that industrious little creature that the world persists in misnaming an "insect." Here may be seen angel fish, groupers, pelicans, sharks, curlew, frigate birds, and ten-thousand other creatures

whose names alone would fill a volume. Perhaps the next best thing to a visit in person is a reading of Professor Holder's book.

LONDON. By WALTER BESANT. With illustrations. Crown 8vo, pp. 509. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

This volume possesses so many and varied attractions that it is difficult to give our readers an adequate idea of its well-rounded character in the brief space in these columns at our command. London is a vast city, and views of its streets, buildings, and citizens at work and at play do not come to our library tables in such charming form every day. "The history of London," says Mr. Besant, "has been undertaken by many writers; the presentment of the city and the people from age to age has never yet, I believe, been attempted." The first chapter is on Roman London, and brings to light many interesting relics of that far-away period. Roman London, says the author, was not modern Liverpool. Its bulk of trade was perfectly insignificant compared with that of the present. Still it was, up to the coming of the Saxons, a vigorous and flourishing place, and the chief port of the country. Before the city was built, the River Thames between Mortlake on the west and Blackwall on the east pursued a serpentine way, in the midst of marshes stretching north and south. There were marshes all the way. At spring tides, and all tides a little above the common, these marshes were under water; they were always swampy and covered with ponds; half a dozen tributary brooks flowed into them and were lost in them. The Romans built their forum and basilica with the offices and official houses and quarters on a little hill or cliff on the eastern side of the Thames. Later, the merchants were obliged to spread themselves along the bank, and built little quays and river-walls to keep out the water. An old map enabled Mr. Besant to recover the years which followed the retreat of the Romans. The chapter entitled "Saxon and Norman" will delight every intelligent reader. Mr. Besant says: "London was converted in A.D. 604. This was a hasty and incomplete conversion, executed to order, for the citizens speedily relapsed. Then they were again converted, and in sober earnest put away their old gods, keeping only a few of the more favorite superstitions. They were so thoroughly converted that the city of London became a veritable mother of saints." It is in this chapter that we acquire enlightenment about the building of the ancient churches, when the people knelt on the stones in prayer; and of the famous bridge, with a fortified gate, which in 1091 was swept away in a terrible storm. The bridge was rebuilt, and in 1135 was destroyed by fire. The next bridge was more substantially

built, and there was no bridge in Europe that could compare with it in strength or size. In manner of living the Saxons were fond of vegetables, especially of leek, onion, and garlic. They cultivated gardens in which were fruits and flowers. Their houses are illustrated, and their manners and customs. Three chapters are devoted to the Plantagenet period, and are full of life and reality. In the Tudor period, occupying the seventh and eighth chapters, the wealth of illustration is astonishing. One might as well be writing of the city life of this day, so copious seem the materials. The reign of Charles II. brings with it the pictures of the palace of Whitehall, Hungerford market, Cheapside, Fleet street, Belon bridge, Sion college, John Bunyan's meeting-house, building of the Bank of England, and old St. Paul. The closing chapter is entitled "George the Second." In it the picture of London is confined chiefly to the life of the bourgeois. In 1750 London was spreading, but not yet rapidly. The gates still stood and were closed at sunset until the year 1760. Then they were all pulled down, and the materials sold, as they were doubtless an obstruction to traffic. The roads were paved with squares of Scotch granite laid on gravel. In the streets of private houses there passed a never-ending procession of those who bawled things for sale. The common practice of bakers and milkmen was to keep tally on the doorpost with chalk. "One advantage of this method was that a mark might be added when the maid was not looking." The taxes of a house amounted to about half the rent. Servants found their own tea and coffee if they wanted any. Mail coaches started every night at eight o'clock with a guard. There were nine morning and eight evening newspapers. And there were gibbets stuck up everywhere, and remained until after the beginning of this century. The reader will enjoy this volume, as there is not a dull or uninforming page between its two covers, and the subject is one that interests the entire world.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN EASTERN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By REV. J. LANGTRY, M.A., D.C.L. [Colonial Church Histories.] With map. 16mo, pp. 256. London and New York: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1892.

The author has made admirable use of his wealth of material in producing a history of the ten eastern dioceses of Canada in a volume of the limited size of the one before us. All freedom of treatment and fluency of style have necessarily been excluded—even the attractive feature of biographical illustration. Yet even in this

brief form the work was worth the doing, for much valuable information has been rescued from apparent oblivion and here permanently preserved. At the treaty of Paris in 1763 the whole of North America north of the Alleghany mountains was ceded by France to England. The territory, however, was regarded as an impenetrable wilderness, of no use except as a covert for fur-bearing animals. What is it now? No English settlements of any importance were effected in Canada until after the Revolution; and no class fared so badly in the war for independence as the clergy of the English Church. In Nova Scotia, which was ceded to the British crown by France in 1713, there was a mission of the Church of England about 1749. The first colonial diocese of the English Church was founded in Nova Scotia in 1789. The diocese of Montreal was formed out of that of Quebec in the year 1850. The diocese of Niagara was formed in 1874. The little volume is crowded with facts of the first moment; it is concisely written, giving evidence of the highest scholarship and consummate skill in the management of data, and cannot fail to prove a valuable addition to church history in America.

ALONG NEW ENGLAND ROADS. By W.

C. PRIME, LL.D. 16mo, pp. 200. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1892.

Some very clever letters, written for "the purpose of a day," for the New York *Journal of Commerce*, during a period of more than forty years, form this charming little volume. Dr. W. C. Prime's writings are well known, and although he states distinctly in his preface that he did not want to make this book, and only revised and edited it because he feared another person might, and thus perpetuate errors of type that creep into rapid newspaper work, he may be congratulated on its production. The sketches are all true to life, and bring much of real interest into the foreground. It is, in its best sense, a book of New England travels. In driving in his own carriage through the valleys of New Hampshire and Vermont, he on one occasion notices a crowd about a farm-house, and pauses to attend an auction. The house had been for a long time the home of an honest, respected farmer who had recently died: an old man whose work was ended. This auction sale was the extinguishment of a fire that had been burning on a hearth a great many years, and Dr. Prime's description of it, and of the old kitchen, is a masterpiece of English composition. He was there only a few moments, and then drove on. At another time he has paused at a village store and become interested in a discussion among half a dozen men sitting about a stove, on the subject of miracles, and of the laws of gravitation, which was concluded by the query of one

of the philosophers: "Which is best wuth believin', my old mother when she told me the miracles was true because there's a God over the airth, or these consarned edicated fools that go around saying there never could a-been no miracles because they don't know how to work 'em"? The title of one bright chapter is "Uphill in a Fog"; others are: "An Angler's August Day," "Views from a Hill Top," "The Triumphant Chariot," "Epitaphs and Names," and "Finding a New Country." Every page of the little volume is captivating, even to the "Boys with Stand-up Collars," a chapter which every father and mother should not fail to read.

THE STARIN FAMILY IN AMERICA.

Descendants of Nicholas Ster (Starin), one of the early settlers of Fort Orange, Albany, New York. By WILLIAM L. STONE. Square octavo, pp. 233. Albany, New York: Joel Munsell's Sons. 1892.

This handsomely printed genealogical work is something more than a mere record of the several generations of the Starin family. It is of special historical value, through its sketches of the varied fortunes of the first settlers in the Mohawk valley, and the stirring events of the French and Revolutionary wars in that quarter of our state. The founder of the family, Nicholas Ster, came to New York in 1696 from Holland, and settled in Albany. He brought property with him, and was soon engaged in an extensive and lucrative trade with the Indians. In 1705 he removed to the German flats, the soil of that region having become well known for its remarkable fertility. He changed his Dutch surname soon after his arrival in this country to *Stern*, a word meaning the same as *Ster* in the Dutch language, and a few years later to *Starrin* or *Starin*, and these two names have continued to be used interchangeably by the family down to the present generation.

The son of Nicholas, Adam Starin, from early youth participated in all the perils of frontier life, and lived to be over ninety years of age. His brother Nicholas was an Indian trader, and a personal friend of Sir William Johnson, with whom he made many journeys through the wilderness. On one occasion, as they were returning from Schenectady on horseback, at the edge of a swamp the baronet pulled up his horse to ask of Starin, *What animals are those making such a strange noise?* Starin replied, with a grin, that they were bull-frogs. Whereupon the baronet spurred up his horse, not a little mortified to think he had but just learned, as his countrymen would say, "what a toad or a frog was!"

Judge Heinrich Starin, of another generation, was the author of the celebrated *Yankee Post*, the amusing story of which is given in the volume. There were numerous Starins who did

good service in the Revolution, and were identified with the patriots of the time. Two of the name were present at the battle of Oriskany, taking prominent part in the action. The author describes the social customs of the Dutch of the Mohawk valley, and their favorite holidays. A picture of the old Caughnawaga church, erected in 1763, is pertinently introduced, as John Starin, an Indian interpreter and confidential friend of Washington, led the choir in it. Many allied families are introduced in these pages, with an immense amount of important and welcome information. Among the numerous biographical sketches, that of John Henry Starin is of special interest. He was born in 1825, and his life has been identified with the progress of affairs since then in manifold ways. This genealogical work is one of exceptional excellence, and will be prized by all genealogical students, irrespective of any connection with the Starins or the many allied families mentioned. A good index will be found at the close of the volume.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD. As seen in his public career prior to 1861. By ANDREW ESTREM. 8vo, pp. 83, pamphlet. Privately printed, 1892.

In this clever monograph the author has made a study which he calls neither a biography nor a history, but which is, in a measure, a combination of both. He has made himself familiar with the politics of New York near the close of the first quarter of this century, at the time when they presented the spectacle of nominally one party with three or four more or less antagonistic subdivisions. He does not attempt to explain this, but says: "New York politics have always had in them something that baffles ordinary explanation." He then traces the career of Mr. Seward, through his early and notable experiences in politics, to the councils of the nation at Washington, until the Union had become the leading idea in the statesman's mind—a career that, from first to last, is interesting to Americans in the superlative degree. Mr. Seward, as we all remember, was styled the "great arch-agitator" in the Southern journals, while he was energetically fighting the secession movement at every step, disputing every inch of ground. Mr. Seward was a statesman of sharply defined opinions, and was perfectly fearless in the expression of them.

THE QUEEN OF EGYPTOLOGY. Amelia B. Edwards, Ph.D., L.H.D., LL.D. By WILLIAM C. WINSLOW, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. With portrait. 8vo, pp. 15, pamphlet. Privately printed, 1892.

The vice-president of the Egyptian Explora-

tion Fund, Dr. Winslow, has written a very just and appreciative sketch of Miss Edwards, whom we all know to have been wonderfully versatile in various lines of intellectual labor. He found her many-sided as an Egyptologist, and "the best delineator old Egypt has ever had. Hers was preëminently the rôle of interpreter." Even the *Saturday Review* claims that no other writer did so much to render Egypt popular. Dr. Winslow says: "Intellectual culture, education, may everywhere regard Miss Edwards as a generous creditor in the great exchange of knowledge—for out of Egypt has chiefly come our knowledge of the evolution of man during a period of five thousand years, B.C., and among the delightful surprises of our day is the enthusiasm, intelligence, skill, magnetism, and poetry with which Miss Edwards's pen and voice have invested the old, old subject, now regenerated to notice—public notice—by discovery, and by portrayal like hers."

EARLY MEDICINE AND EARLY MEDICAL MEN IN CONNECTICUT. By GURDON W. RUSSELL, M.D., of Hartford. 8vo, pp. 158, pamphlet. 1892.

An interesting subject is admirably treated in this monograph, a part of which formed an address delivered before the centennial meeting of the Connecticut Medical Society, at New Haven, on the 25th of May, 1892. Very few physicians emigrated to this country in the earliest times; thus the colonists were dependent on the clergy who knew a little about medicine, and upon themselves. Thomas Lord was the first practitioner who was licensed by the general court of Connecticut. He was the son of Thomas Lord, who came over in 1635, with his wife and seven children, and was among the landholders of Hartford in 1639. Thomas Pell was a surgeon at the Saybrook fort, and in the list which follows may be observed scores of well-known family names. The early physicians, we are sorry to say, were not always successful in collecting their dues, but the general court tried to comfort them, and voted that "it was a wrong to the public that a physician should be thus discouraged." It seems that in 1654 John Winthrop was especially desired to remove to and live at New Haven as a physician. Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, having studied medicine with Dr. Jared Potter and Dr. Seth Bird, commenced practice in Litchfield about 1776, afterwards removing to Hartford; he was one of the famous wits and poets of the day.

THE LETTER OF COLUMBUS ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. A facsimile of the pictorial edition, with a new and literal translation, and a complete reprint of the

oldest four editions in Latin. 16mo, pp. 61. New York: Printed by order of the trustees of the Lenox library.

This facsimile reproduction of the unique pictorial edition in Latin printed in 1493, illustrated with eight curious woodcuts, will be greatly prized; it is followed by a new and literal English translation, and an appendix containing a parallel reprint, in ordinary type, of the oldest four editions in Latin, with an historical and bibliographical introduction, describing all the editions of this letter known to have been printed in Spanish, Latin, Italian, and German, before the year 1500. It is printed on fine paper and issued in handsome cloth binding.

A TOUR AROUND NEW YORK AND MY SUMMER ACRE: Being the recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy. By JOHN FLAVEL MINES, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 518. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

The sketches gathered in this volume have appeared from time to time in the *New York Evening Post* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, under the quaint pseudonym of "Felix Oldboy." The author was familiar with all the scenes and places of which he wrote, and had a microscopic eye for details of topography and life. He was blessed also with a capacious and unfailing memory, and possessed a rare judgment and taste for distinguishing between what was purely gossip and what, though minute, was vital to his theme. He had the indescribable gift of the *raconteur*, who is personal without being egotistical, gossipy without being garrulous, and circumstantial without ever being tiresome.

His reminiscences, or about two-thirds of them, relate to the New York of half a century ago, and the other third to rural life as enjoyed at the same period in an old mansion fronting Hell Gate on the East river. So far as the

title would lead the reader to expect to find in its pages an account of the living New York of to-day—the great, busy, noisy, overgrown New York which we know—it is a misleading title; it is a past New York which is charmingly sketched in these pages.

Mr. Mines writes of the days when Trinity church was new, and Varick and Laight streets in their glory; when Columbia college was down town, and the voyage to Albany was still made by sloop; when May meetings filled the Broadway Tabernacle, and Christy's minstrels and the Ravels attracted and delighted nightly throngs; when Bowery life was at the full, and Harlem was a village and St. John's park in the glory of its loveliness. Then were the times of Hamiltons, Schuylers and Mortons, of Drakes, Lydigs and Delafields. Actual New York a hundred years ago was only a nail on the end of the long finger of Manhattan Island, and Mr. Mines knew it when it was barely more than that. He remembers the state prison that stood on what is now West Tenth street; the great boarding-houses that flanked the City Hall park when he was a boy; the "Astor boys" walking daily to and from their Prince street office; the long since vanished precincts of Greenwich and Chelsea; the old churches and halls and theaters and mansions that have disappeared before the march of business; and the notabilities who, like them, are only memories and names to-day.

Mr. Mines writes in a style admirably adapted to the subject, and the subject is fascinating. Interesting pictures, not less than one hundred and fifty, add greatly to the interest of the text; the precision of the historiographer is softened by the grace of the lover and the sentiment of the poet; and the charm of all these lively recollections of interesting scenes, personages, and events can be felt throughout the entire volume. The work sparkles with anecdotes and pen-portraits, and will be treasured by all New Yorkers.



Martha J. Lamb

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SOCIETY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

THE choice of New York for the sittings of congress gave to that old home of the Dutch and Huguenots, hardly recovered from the war, a new dignity, and enlarged opportunities for social intercourse with senators, members, and high officials coming from the various states of the American Union, whose differing colonial antecedents were associated with the best blood and the eventful history of Europe.

There is available an opportunity of gaining an exact and minute acquaintance with social events, and the personages who made them what they were, in the early days of our republic. By a happy chance there has been preserved Mrs. John Jay's *Dinner and Supper List for 1787 and '8*—a period when her husband was secretary for foreign affairs for the continental congress. The names which the list furnishes, together with the memoranda afforded by occasional private correspondence, and the published notes of European travelers touching that interesting period, contribute to give a picture, that already possesses an historic interest, of the social circles of New York during its brief existence as the national capital under the articles of confederation, and for two sessions of the first congress under the Constitution. Armed with this list, and some concomitant documentary or printed aids, we can look in upon the banquet-halls of the substantial, spacious mansions of that day,—owned or occupied by magnates of the republic, of the state, of the city, of the diplomatic circles, and of society itself,—and people them again with those who were accustomed to gather there. We can glance along the festive boards, and observe who of note at home or abroad met in those days around them.

The society of New York at that time, despite the comparative insignificance of the city in extent and population, and all that it had suffered during the war, presented more strikingly than in after years, when domestic and foreign immigration had made it a common centre, those distinguished characteristics, derived from its blended ancestry and colonial history, that are still discernible in the circles of the Knickerbockers, and which recall alike to Americans and to Europeans the earlier traditions of